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EARTHQUAKE CRACK ALONG BANK OF STREAM, MILPITAS

## Cause of the Great Earthquake

BY DAVID STARR JORDAN

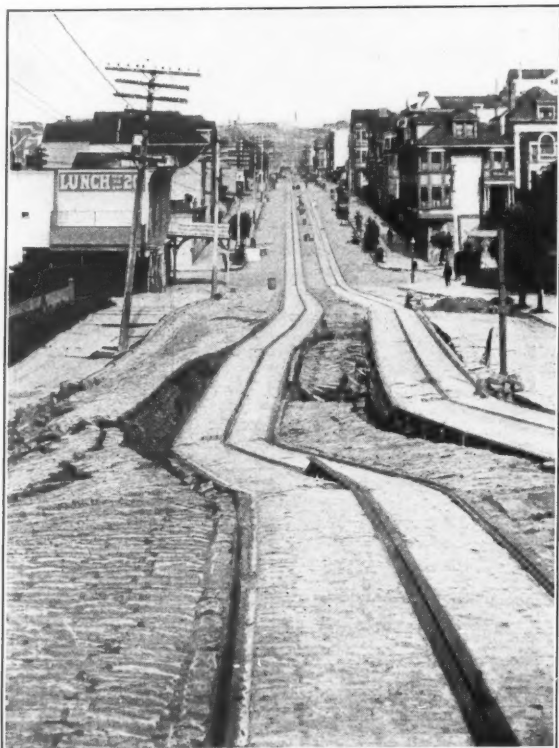
**I**T is a wise provision of nature," so Goethe tells us, "that trees shall not grow up into the sky." The wisdom of this arrangement is obvious, and it is clear that its spirit applies to many other things than trees. It is also obvious that, in order to point the moral properly, there should be some part of the earth in which the limit is off. To that

end California was created. In California the trees do actually grow up into the sky. It was in California that the "Sierra Avalanche," according to Bret Harte (referring to the March floods on the Sacramento) observed, with pensive local pride, "an area as large as the state of Massachusetts, under water." So it is proper that in California the most vigorous earthquake of its class should be recorded, that the most destructive conflagration in history should take place, that the greatest wreck of

human effort should occur—and that in a region in which, more than in any other, human effort is a joy in itself.

It is also characteristic of California that the people should not look on the disaster of the fire, nor on the sickening loss of half a century of struggle and upbuilding. They note rather that no great wooden city before ever went for half a

There was a time when to use that lazy vulgarism in public meant swift retribution. It is also characteristic of California that in lines in which she shows no pre-eminence she makes no effort whatever. In the matter of cyclone, typhoon, tornado, blizzard, thunder and lightning, and those meteoric disturbances which are the pride of more plebeian regions, California



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DESTRUCTION OF ROADWAY BY EARTHQUAKE, UNION STREET,  
SAN FRANCISCO

century without a conflagration. In the vision of every Californian, San Francisco is not the old city sitting desolate on its bones, but rather the new city of steel and concrete which shall defy shock and fire alike. It tells wonderful things for the strength of California that not a drop of liquor has been sold in San Francisco for a month, and that sentimental newsmen are allowed to gush over "dear old 'Frisco," unmolested, in what used to be her streets.

makes no entry at all. She is not in the running and she makes no record.

As for the earthquake of April 18th, the first question is, naturally, What was it? It was a crack in the earth's crust about two hundred miles long and four or five miles deep, or as deep as the crust is stiff and brittle. More exactly, it was the sudden opening and closing of an old crack, or, in geological language, a fault. The cause was, primarily, the slow shrink-



MAIN GATEWAY, STANFORD UNIVERSITY, PALO ALTO, BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE

ing of the earth by which all mountain-chains, with their accompanying folds and faults, are formed. Secondly, the cause was a certain strain on the mountain-chain on one side of the fault. This strain was doubtless slowly cumulative. It was resisted for years, until finally, for some cause or for no cause, the rocks gave way. The old scar was reopened for an instant, the strain was released and the two sides of the fault came together with grinding strain, which reduced the rocks on either side of it to dust and fragments for perhaps a hundred feet. In this case the two sides no longer fitted perfectly. The west side of the fault was left some three feet lower in the Santa Cruz region, and as much higher in Marin County.

All this was the earthquake proper, and

it was practically instantaneous. But the giant having stretched himself in his sleep, the creaking of his bones went forth to the rest of the world. In this case the disturbance went out as short, swift, and violent waves in the rocks, and in the soil and houses which were over them. First to any given point went the straight waves from the nearest part of the fault. Such waves are interesting and mostly harmless, however severe, and of such waves alone most California earthquakes are formed. Later, but on the instant, came waves from points farther and farther away. These came at an angle with the first waves, and at a broader angle with each other. Some of them would partly neutralize others; some would reinforce others and at a different angle. The result when the



GATEWAY AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE

waves from below and the waves from various distances were received was a series of twisting motions of great violence and of every conceivable kind. They were of such intense swiftness that the ground made a daze before the eyes. They were of such extraordinary variety that all things which an earthquake could throw were tossed in every direction. Jars standing side by side would be thrown in opposite directions, or not thrown at all. Trees would bend to the ground as under a high gale, but no two in the same direction at once. The top of a spire or chimney would be thrown in one direction, the

the surface, and not disturbing the face of nature at all, but viciously destructive to some of the little works of man.

If you take a map of California you will note that in the east is the great backbone of the Sierras, a huge mountain mass of waves of rock, folds and faults innumerable. But this mountain-chain is old. Its scars are healing, and, except in special localities where the strain is not perfectly adjusted, it is not a center of earthquakes. I have no books at hand, but the only notable earthquakes in this region, of which I have heard, were the limited but vicious *temblor* in Inyo County about



HOW THE EARTH DROPPED IN PORTOLÁ VALLEY. THE PLACES WHERE THE MAN IS STANDING AND WHERE HIS HAND IS RESTING WERE ON A LEVEL BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE

middle in another. In one case, a house undulated so swiftly that the bricks of a falling chimney struck against the clapboards of its side as they fell.

The waves were the earthquake in the minds of those who felt them. They are so in common language, and as such, gradually fading away, they were felt in the seismographs all over the world. Some who saw the fault marveled that the violence of the earthquake could crack a pasture-field for a mile. But this crack was the real earthquake, and the waves were merely the jar carried from it by waves of rock and earth. Little waves they were, very little, hardly billowing above

forty years ago, and the equally violent *temblor* at San Jacinto Mountain within the past decade.

At the foot of the Sierra Nevada range is the great flat basin of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin Rivers. To the west of this valley lies the Coast Range, for the most part smooth, rounded hills, rising in soft even folds parallel with each other, and all extending more or less obliquely northwestward out into the sea, where they end in bold *rincones* or headlands. Sharp valleys lie between the folds, and in general each of the valleys marks the line of an ancient fault or crack made in the folding of the rocks. This Coast





FISSURE NEAR MILPITAS, PROBABLY DUE TO OPENING OF THE COYOTE - SAN BRUNO FAULT



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SAME FISSURE

Range is one of the youngest of all mountain-groups. It was once a region far wider than it is now, but it was crumpled together like the shriveling skin of an apple. The earth cooled, shrank, and grew smaller. Its crust yields in the weakest place, and here in California was one of its weakest places. Hence, arose the Coast Range, rising from the sea, as

times—at any rate a hundred thousand or a million years ago—and its adjustment or readjustment has doubtless caused thousands of earthquakes, large and small, in past geologic ages. It is pledged for a good many more in ages yet to come. But none of these are likely to compare with the initial thrust, and they will probably be weaker as time goes on.



TYPICAL FISSURE IN THE STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO

its rocks are often full of shells and other sea-relics.

Of all the faults in the Coast Range the longest, most clearly defined, and most interesting to geologists is one which we may call the Portolá-Tomales fault, discovered, so far as I know, by Prof. John C. Branner in 1891, and eagerly mapped by his students in geology ever since.

This fault was made perhaps in Pliocene

In the initial thrust, the land on the west side of the break, now the mountains called Sierra Morena and Montara, was forced upward two thousand feet. The rock along the fault on both sides was crumbled, and the region must have been a perfect chaos of dust and fractured slate. In many places in the neighborhood great masses of lava and of melted local rock flowed out, but I do not know whether this



ALONG VALENCIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, THE BED OF THE OLD DOLORES CREEK

was before or after the first great dislocation.

Since that time the trees and grass and rain have rounded off the slopes. Streams have found in the rift their natural courses, making V-shaped valleys especially well fitted for the use of reservoirs. This explains the strange phenomena of five reservoirs of water cracked through and through by the earthquake. And this explains in part why San Francisco was left to burn, with all her water-mains broken.

The line of the fault, so far as known, is almost perfectly straight. Take a good map of California and lay your pencil on Tomales Bay, and it will give you the whole direction, north and south. Beginning near the village of Manchester, in Mendocino County, near the sandy cape called Point Arena, it extends south-southeast to near San Juan Bautista in San Benito County. In its northern initiative the Gracia River runs; farther south the Gualala. It then crosses a curve of the sea, reaching the land to form the long, narrow, rock-bound inlet called Tomales Bay. Passing the town of Olema, it skirts a mountain-ridge to Bolinas Bay. Passing again into the sea to the west of San Francisco, it touches land again at a shattered cliff with a little island called Mussel

Rock. This is just south of the line of the city of San Francisco. Here the cliff is shaken down and four thousand feet of cliff-grading and track of the Ocean Shore Railway is thrust into the sea.

From here the fault passes up the San Andreas Valley, past the three large reservoirs of the Spring Valley Water Company of San Francisco, then up the boulder-strewn depression called Cañada del Raymundo. Thence it goes into a narrow fertile valley, Portolá Valley, named from its discoverer, Don Gaspar de Portolá, California's first governor. Thence it ascends a shallow gorge to the saddle which separates Monte Bello, or "Black Mountain," from Castle Rock ridge. Thence its course is marked by the gorge of Stevens Creek (Arroyo de San José de Cupertino), which it filled with landslides; thence up another tributary meeting the first at right angles; thence across a saddle into Saratoga Creek; across another saddle to Campbell Creek, draining its reservoir; thence across the redwood forests diverging from the valley to Pajaro River, near Chittenden, where it shattered a hill and nearly wrecked a railroad bridge; thence to the southeast of San Juan Bautista.

When it crosses pasture-ground the earthquake rift appears as a long wavy furrow of broken soil, from two to ten

feet wide, like a huge mole-track. In thicker soil it appears in deep cracks. In roads, where the soil is harder, parallel cracks appear, and, as a rule, on the west side of one of these roads the ground will be lowered by two or three feet. Broken fences and the like show a northerly movement of the western side, the maximum record being about sixteen feet, in Marin County. The most noticed in San Mateo County is seventy-three inches. In all these movements the soil lags back, so that the real movement is that of the maximum. This move is relative. We cannot say whether the Sierra Morena moved northward or the Santa Clara Valley southward. The former is the smaller, and the more broken. Therefore it is probably the unstable element.

The crack naturally does not cross any cliff, because all rock on either side of it was crushed to atoms ages ago. Yet in two places at least, it extended its crushing influence to rocky hills—at Mussel Rock and at Chittenden. It is now nearly a month since the earthquake, but its line and the road-cracks are still plainly visible.

The force-waves also had their effects. Many landslips occurred in the Sierra Morena and others of the Santa Cruz Mountains. The Loma Prieta saw mill, in the bottom of a gorge, had its boilers slid seventy feet up on the other side of the gorge. The mill, with the mill-hands, was buried, a large tree standing erect over it and seventy feet above the foundation of the mill. Dead trees were broken. Some tall redwoods were whipped off. The lowlands about the bay ten miles away were crushed by the pressure. Artesian wells flowed more freely for a time. Quicksand came up through rifts in the black soil. A wet meadow of about half an acre was made three feet narrower, the owner being compensated by three feet greater width of orchard. Foundations on sand or in old stream-beds slumped, often leaving large cracks. These were especially noticeable along Valencia and Mission Streets in San Francisco, the bed of the old Dolores Creek, which is now filled up, the water being run off into a sewer. A large hotel, the Valencia Street House, was wrecked by these surface cracks in made land over the creek-bed.

Otherwise the earthquake was marked by the tilting of houses on weak founda-

tions, the throwing down of unsupported brick walls, especially gables, the snapping of chimneys, spires, and high structures, the removal of plaster, especially on first floors (that on ceilings being unharmed), and in general injury to all buildings—strong wooden structures, stone structures, steel structures, and buildings of concrete reinforced by steel excepted. Domes on steel foundations crushed the walls about them like battering-rams. In this way the City Hall of San Francisco was wrecked. Furniture was thrown about, bookcases, pianos, statuary, and bric-a-brac danced irresponsibly. Pictures swung wide from the walls, sometimes falling, often returning reversed on their supports, and for a moment all sane conditions of the world seemed to have disappeared.

This earthquake has no relation with volcanoes, no connection with Mount Vesuvius. It has nothing in common with the explosions of steam which mark eruptive earthquakes. Like ninety-five per cent. of all recorded earthquakes, it is tectonic, that is, an adjustment of the earth's crust.

The writer's experiences in the earthquake were tame, but they were his own. He was awakened at 5.13 on the bright, sunny morning of April 18th. He knew and enjoyed the wheezy undulations of the house, which mark the usual harmless California earthquake. The wave which woke him was gentle enough, but the next one, like the bump of an express train, seemed a little severe. But it was a straight wave and harmed nothing. Then the *temblor* began to take hold. The bedroom on the second floor swayed like a ship in a hurricane. A lantern standing in the hall leaped in through the open door. Pictures swayed, earthenware leaped about. Some mighty force seemed to hold the house, and to be trying to whip the ground with it.

He realized that this was the REAL THING. And it seemed to be overdone. A California earthquake was due to last for a few seconds only, but this did not know when to stop. Now the power was trying to twist the house about its chimneys, taking each of the three in turn. I rushed along the reeling gangway of the house, seized the baby and got out on the veranda, where bricks could not fall. The older boy, who was sleeping on the roof, clung

on as to a runaway horse. As things became a little calmer he shouted down: "The church is falling! The gymnasium is caving in! Everything has gone bum!" I saw the dust of mortar rising, and the students crowding in the roads, and then I knew that we had had an epoch-marking earthquake.

Will there be any more earthquakes in California? Certainly there will. The earthquake of 1868, the most severe then known in this region, had perhaps half the violence of the present one. It is probable that the more violent the shock the

no Californian loves California the less for its great earthquakes. They come only once or twice in a century. Little earthquakes are no more to be feared than gusts of wind. The loss of life, even in the greatest shock, is less in proportion than the harvest of pneumonia from a single Eastern blizzard. The loss of property comes because we forget. We are safe in low frame houses, or we can hold high houses together with hooks of steel. It is as easy to build houses earthquake-proof as rain-proof. The brick chimney has no place in California. It was imported from



TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF A THREE-STORY BRICK BUILDING AT FORT BRAGG

longer the immunity afterwards. There may never be another of this sort, for the whole strain of the mountain seems to be relieved for two hundred and fifty miles. Little shocks occur every day. These are but details of adjustment, the polishing off of projecting corners. The next great shock may be in some other fault, in some other part of the country. It may appear in the Carisa Plain, in San Luis Obispo County, a barren sink in which this rift seems to terminate. Prophecy is cheap, and worth only what it costs. It is enough to say that a second great shock is not likely to be felt here in a lifetime. Furthermore,

the East, with the tenderfoot and the tourist.

Indeed, outside of the fall of brick walls, spires, cornices, and chimneys, which we must renounce, our earthquakes need do very little mischief.

It was fire, not earthquake, which destroyed our joyous San Francisco. Mindful of the lesson, a joyous people will build the city again. And for every man who leaves California in fear, there will return ten men who will love the land where nature is so gracious, man so free-limbed, and where the very stones are alive with the force of creation.

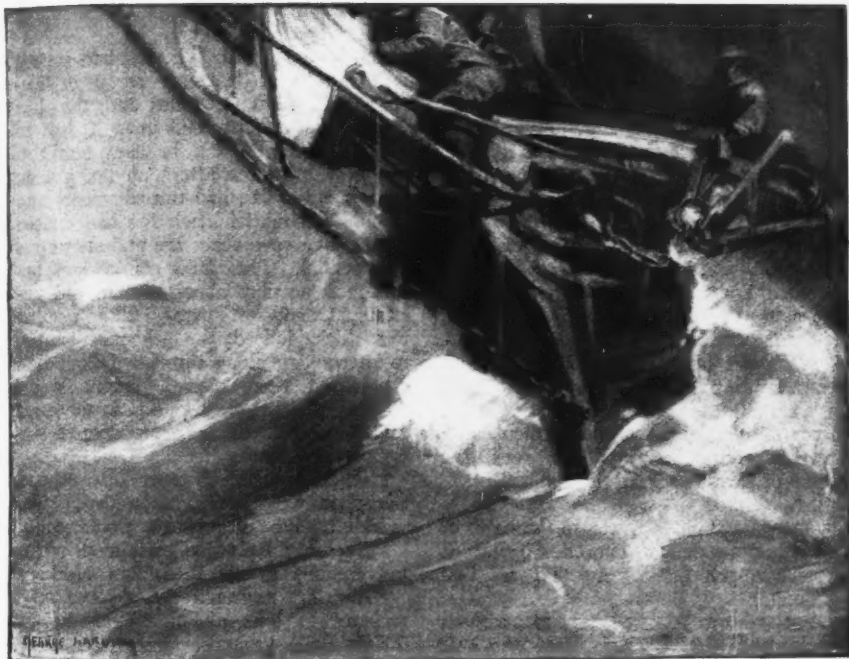


ally, in the mystery of my soul's heraldry  
I trace these lines - inspired imagery,  
Begot of that sweet affluence  
Lent me by this image of thee.  
Uplift my thought, O Image rare,  
To the sublime height that does ~~over~~top despair!  
Before this crested ornament I kneel,  
Scrolling the vision I behold of thee.  
And, simple though it seem, this heraldry -  
Mysterious, of my soul, traced scantily  
Within this narrow boundary - can barely  
Do justice to the vision born of thee.  
But more to grace by word or emblem, truly,  
Would take the rarest implements of art,  
And genius, years to trace a shadowed part  
Of my exalted vision of thee!



LIBBS MASON  
1906





THE WEATHER WAS THICK ; THE SCHOONER SEEMED TO BE WINGING ALONG THROUGH A BOUNDLESS CLOUD

## Cast Away on Feather's Folly

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

*Illustrated by George Harding*



It was one of a group of troublesome islands lying off Cape Grief of the Newfoundland coast. Surveyed by a generously inaccurate apprentice, it might have measured an acre. It was as barren as an old bone; but a painstaking man, with unimpaired eyesight, if he lingered long and lovingly enough over the task, could doubtless have discovered more than one blade of grass. There is no adjective adequate to describe its forbidding appearance as viewed from the sea in a gale of wind.

On the chart it was a mere dot, a nameless rock, the outermost of a group most happily called the Devil's Teeth. To the Labrador fishermen, bound north from Newfoundland in the spring, bound south, with their loads of green cod, in the fall, it was the Cocked Hat. This name, too, is aptly descriptive; many a schooner, caught in the breakers, had, as the old proverb hath it, been knocked into that condition, or worse. But to the folk of the immediate coast, and especially of Hulk's Harbor, which lies within sight on the mainland, it was for long known as Feather's Folly.

Old Bill Feather had once been wrecked

on the Cocked Hat. The little *Lucky Lass*, bound to Hulk's Harbor from the Hen-and-Chickens, and sunk to the scupper holes with green fish, had struck in a fog. Four minutes later she had gone down with all hands save Bill. An absent-minded breaker had deposited him high and dry on a ledge of the northeast cliff. Needless to say, it was much to Bill's surprise. For five days the castaway had shivered and starved on the barren rock. This was within sight of the chimney smoke of home, of the harbor entrance, of the cottage roofs; even, in clear weather, of the flakes and stage of his own place.

"It won't happen again," vowed Bill, when he took his lean, sore hulk home.

What Bill did—what he planned and accomplished in the face of ridicule and adverse fortune—earned the rock the name of Feather's Folly in that neighborhood.

"Anyhow," old Bill was in the habit of repeating, to defend himself, "I 'low it won't happen again. An' I'll see that it don't!"

But season followed season, without event; and the Cocked Hat was still known as Feather's Folly.

It was early in the spring of the year, too early by half, the old salts said, for Labrador craft to put out from the Newfoundland ports. Thick, vagrant fogs, drifting with the variable winds, were abroad on all the coast; and the arctic current was spread with drift-ice from the upper shores and with great bergs from the glaciers of the far north. But Skipper Libe Tussel, of the thirty-ton *Fish Killer*, was a firm believer in the fortunes of the early bird; moreover, he was determined that the skipper of the *Cod Trap*, hailing from his own harbor, should not this season preempt his trap-berth on the Thigh Bone fishing-grounds. So the *Fish Killer* was under way for the north, early as it was; and she was cheerily game to face the chances of wind and ice, if only she might beat the *Cod Trap* to the favorable opportunities of the Thigh Bone grounds off Indian Harbor.

"It's thick," Robinson remarked to the skipper.

"'Tis thick."

"It's as thick as mud," said Robinson, with a little shiver.

"S mud," the skipper responded, in laconic agreement.

And it *was* thick! The fog had settled at midday. A fearsome array of ice-bergs had been in sight; and the low coast, with the snow still upon it, had to leeward shone in the brilliant sunlight. But now, with the afternoon not yet on the wane, the day had turned murky and damp. A bank of black fog had drifted in from the open sea. Ice and shore had disappeared. The limit of vision approached possibly about to, but did not attain, twenty-five yards. The weather was thick, indeed; the schooner seemed to be winging along through a boundless cloud; and there was a smart breeze blowing, and the circle of sea, in the exact center of which the schooner floated, was choppy and black.

"Thick enough," Skipper Libe echoed, thoughtfully. "But," he added, "you wouldn't advise heavin' to, would you?"

"No, no!" Robinson exclaimed. "I'm too anxious to get to Indian Harbor."

"And I," muttered the skipper, with an anxious look ahead. "to make the Thigh Bone grounds. But——"

"Give her all the wind she'll carry," said Robinson. "It won't bother me."

"I think," the skipper continued, ignoring the interruption, "that I'll shorten sail. For," said he, "I'm thinkin' the old girl might bleed at the nose if she happened t' bump a berg."

While the crew reduced the canvas, Robinson went below. He was the Hudson Bay Company's agent at Dog Arm of the Labrador, which is close to Indian Harbor. In January, with his invalid daughter in a dog-sled, he had journeyed from that far place to Desolate Bay of Newfoundland, and thence by train to St. John's. It had been a toilsome, dangerous, incredibly bitter experience. But he had forgotten that, nor had he ever complained of it; his happiness was that his child had survived the surgeons' operation, had profited in ease and hope, had already been restored near to her old, sunny health. Early in the spring, word of the proposed sailing of the *Fish Killer* had come to him at St. John's; and he had taken passage with the skipper, Libe, no more, it must be said, because he wished Mary's mother to know the good news (she had had no word since his departure),



A PUSH SENT ROBINSON ON THE SAME ROAD

than because he was breathlessly impatient once more to be serving the company's interests at Dog Arm.

To Mary and her father, Skipper Libe had with seamanlike courtesy abandoned the tiny cabin. The child was lying in the skipper's own berth, warmly covered, comfortably tucked in, provided with a book to read by the light of the swinging lamp.

"Are you happy, dear?" her father asked.

"Oh, yes!"

The man took the child's hand. "I'm sometimes sorry," he said, "that we didn't wait for the mail boat. The *Fish Killer* is a pretty tough craft for a little girl to be aboard."

"Sorry?" was the instant response, made with a little smile. "I'm not. I'm glad. Isn't Cape Grief close to leeward? Well, then, father, we're halfway home. Think of it! *We're—half—way—home!*"

The father laughed.

"And we might have been waiting at St. John's," the child continued, her blue eyes shining. "Oh, father, I'd rather be aboard the *Fish Killer* off Grief Head than in the very best room of the Crosbie Hotel. Halfway home!" she repeated. "Halfway home!"

"Halfway is a long way."

"But it's halfway!"

"On this coast," the father sighed, "no man is home until he gets there."

"It's a fair wind."

"And the fog as thick as mud."

"But they've reefed the mains'l; they've stowed the stays'l; they've got the tops'l down. Haven't you heard them? I've been listening——"

"*What's that!*" Robinson cried.

It was a mere ejaculation of terror. He had no need to ask the question. Even Mary knew well enough what had happened. The *Fish Killer* had struck an iceberg, bow on. The shock; the crash forward; the clatter of a falling topmast; the cries on deck: these things were alive with the fearful information. Robinson caught the child from the berth. He paused—it was an instinct born of Labrador experience—to wrap a blanket about her, though she was clothed for the day. She reminded him quietly that she would catch cold without her cap; and this he snatched in passing. Then he was on

deck in the midst of a litter from aloft, and of a vast confusion of terrified cries.

Before she struck, the *Fish Killer* had ascended a gently shelving beach of ice, washed smooth by the sea. There she hung precariously. Her stern was low, so low that the choppy sea came aboard and swamped the cabin; and the bow was high on the ice. Her bowsprit was in splinters, her topmast on deck, her spliced mainmast tottering; she was the bedraggled wreck of a craft. Beyond, the berg towered into the fog, stretched into the fog; only a broken wall of blue-white ice was visible. The butt of the bowsprit overhung a wide ledge. To scramble to the shattered extremity, to hang by the hands, to drop to safe foothold: this would all have been easy for children. The impulse was to seek the solid berg in haste before the schooner had time to fall away and sink.

Robinson ran forward.

"Got that kid?" Skipper Libe demanded. "Ah, you has." Then, "Tulk!" he roared.

Tulk answered.

"Get ashore on that ice!" the skipper ordered.

Tulk ran out on the broken bowsprit and dropped to the berg. He looked back expectantly.

"Take the kid!"

A push sent Robinson on the same road. He dropped Mary into Tulk's waiting arms. Then he, too, looked back for orders.

"Ashore with you!"

Robinson swung by the hands and dropped. Before he let go his hands, he had felt the vessel quiver and begin to recede from her position.

"Now, men," said the skipper, "grub. She'll be off in a minute."

Every man of them leaped willingly to the imperative duty. The food was in the forecabin and hold; they disappeared. Skipper Libe kept watch on deck. With the waves restless beneath her stern, the schooner was perilously insecure. She was gradually working her way back to the sea. The briefest glance below had already assured Skipper Libe that her timbers were hopelessly sprung. She was old, rotten with age and hard service. The water was pouring in forward and amidships; it ran aft in a flood, contribut-



THERE WAS A TIGHT LITTLE HUT IN THE LEE OF THE BISHOP'S NOSE

ing its weight to the vessel's inclination to slip away from the berg. It was slow in the beginning, this retreat; but, through every moment, the movement was accelerated. Five minutes—four—three: in a space too brief to be counted upon she would be wallowing in the sea.

"Haste!" the skipper screamed.

Waiting was out of the question. The *Fish Killer* was about to drop into the sea. Though the men had but tumbled into the forecastle; though, as yet, they had had no time to seize the food of which to-morrow would find them in desperate need, the skipper roared the order to return.

"Ashore! Ashore!" he shouted.

They came back more willingly, more expeditiously, than they had gone; and they came back empty-handed. Not a man among them had so much as a single biscuit.

"Jim!" said the skipper.

With that, Jim Tall, the cook, clambered out on the bowsprit. The others

of the crew waited, each with an anxious eye upon the skipper.

"Bill!"

No sooner was Jim Tall at the end of the bowsprit than Bill was under way. The skipper grimly watched his terrified progress.

"Jack!"

In turn, Jack Sop scrambled out and dropped to the berg. The schooner was fast receding from the ledge. Alexander Budge, John Swan, Archibald Mann, completing the fishing crew, with the exception of Tom Watt, the first hand, and the skipper, won the ice.

"Now, Tom!" said the skipper.

"You, sir!"

"Tom!" Skipper Libe roared; and Tom Watt waited no longer.

Only the skipper was left. The change from his passive attitude, from his unbending, reposeful attitude, with a hand carelessly laid on the windlass, was so sudden and unequivocal that Jim Tall, the cook, who was ever the wag of the crew,



startled even himself with laughter. It was instant. Skipper Libe, in a flash, turned from a petrified man into a terrified and marvelously agile monkey. He bounded for the bowsprit, nimbly ran the broken length of it, and there stood swaying. The vessel was now so far from the ledge, and so fast receding, that he paused. Delay had but one issue. This was so apparent that horror tied the tongues of the crew. Not a cry of warning was uttered. The situation was too intense, too brief, for utterance.

"Tom," said the skipper to the first hand, "catch!"

He leaped.

"Skipper," said Tom Watt, in the uttermost confusion, an instant later, "glad t' see you! Come in! You isn't a minute too early."

In this way, proceeding with admirable self-possession, the souls aboard the *Fish Killer* jumped from the frying-pan. Whether or not it was into the fire, was not for a moment in doubt. When the schooner had once fairly reached the sea, which immediately happened, she sank. They saw her waver, slowly settle, disappear; when her topmast went tottering under water the end had come. Whatever may be said of the frying-pan, nobody can accuse the crew of the *Fish Killer* of having come within reach of a fire. Aboard the berg it was cold, awfully cold. Icebergs carry an atmosphere of that sort even into the Gulf Stream; they radiate cold so effectively that the captains of steamers take warning and evade them. It was cold, very, very cold. There was nothing to temper the numbing bitterness of the situation. And what the night might bring could only be surmised.

Though they were born to lives of hardship and peril, though they had long been used to the chances of the sea, not one of the castaways had ever before fallen into a predicament so barren of hope. Flung on an iceberg, adrift on the wild North Atlantic, derelict where no ships passed, at the mercy of the capricious winds, without food or fire, there seemed to be no possibility of escape. But, for a time, they did not despair; and, moreover, for a time each felt it a high duty to make light of the situation, to joke of cold storage and polar bears, that the spirits of

the others might be encouraged. As dusk approached, however, the ghastly humor failed. Ruin, agony, grief, imminent death—in the moody silence they dwelt rather upon these things.

It was not yet dark when a faint shock, a hardly perceptible shiver, a crash from aloft, a subsiding rumble, apprised the castaways of a portentous change of condition.

"What's that, now?" growled the cook.

It was a cruelly anxious moment. Only the event itself would determine whether or not the berg was to turn turtle. They waited.

"She's grounded, I 'low!" exclaimed the skipper.

There was no further disturbance. Whatever had happened, the equilibrium of the berg had been maintained.

"I'm thinkin'," said the skipper, "that I'll take a little look about."

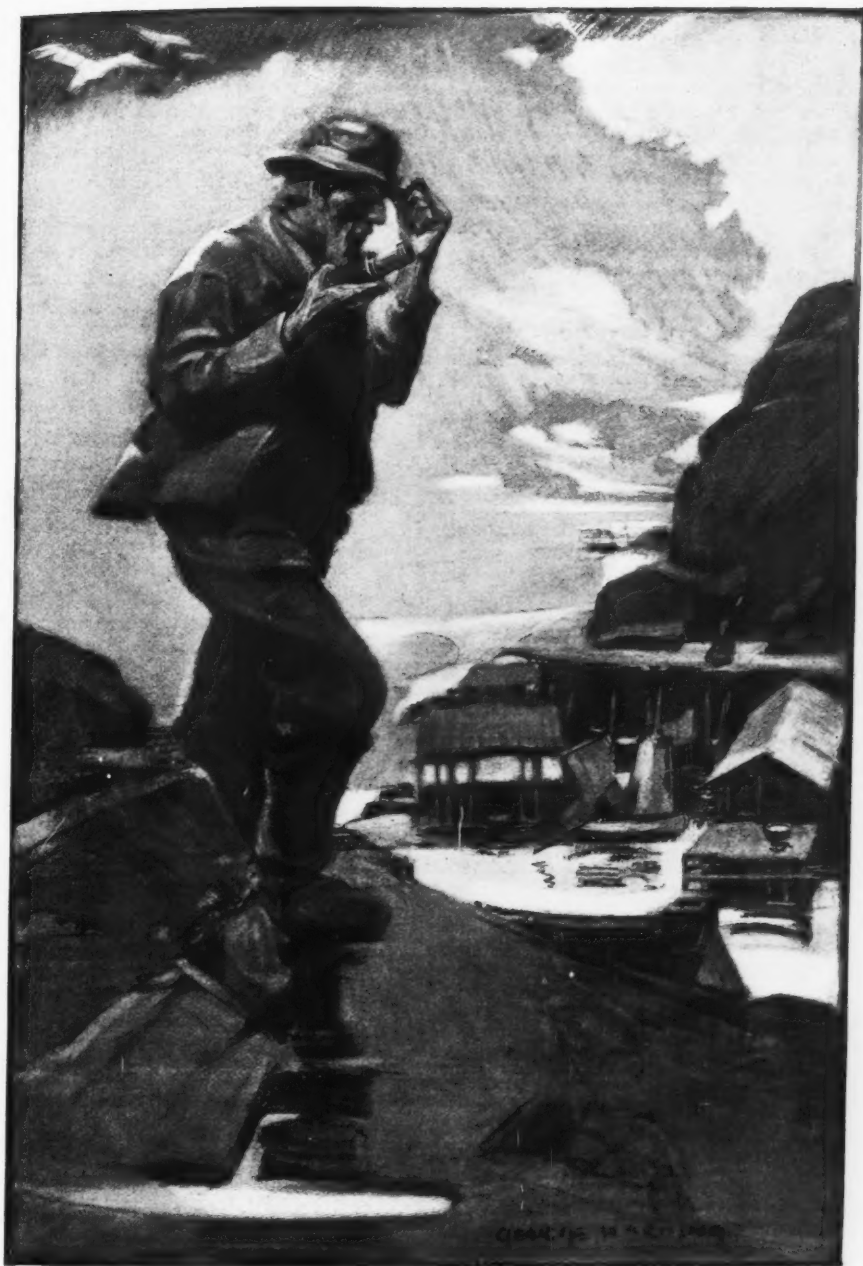
The skipper's "little look about" developed what appeared to be a saving opportunity. The berg had grounded; it had also jammed a wandering pack of drift-ice against the land. What that shore was, whether mainland or island, the skipper did not wait to ascertain. It was sufficient for him to know that the survivors of the *Fish Killer* might escape from a disintegrating berg to solid ground. He returned breathless, with the enlivening news; and in lively fashion, which almost approached a panic, the castaways abandoned the berg. It was a hard, painful, dangerous scramble, made in the failing light, and the cook had an unwelcome bath in the icy water between two pans. But it had a successful issue. Before dark, they were all ashore, more hopeful, now, than they had been, but still staring death in the face.

So curious was Skipper Libe that, taking advantage of the last of the light, he set out to discover the character of the refuge. He returned discouraged.

"'Tis but a rock," said he. "'Tis no more than a speck o' land."

Then night fell. Robinson's little daughter was by this time on the point of succumbing to the exposure. Cold, hunger, and despair had reduced her to a pitiable silence. She was in the extremity of physical exhaustion. They made a deep hollow in the snow in the shelter of a declivity of rock; and there they bestowed





OLD MAN FEATHER KEPT WATCH ON THE COCKED HAT WITH A SPYGLASS

her, gladly yielding their jackets to provide her with such comfort as they could. But this was small mitigation of the hardship. The child was still hopeless and cold. It was sadly apparent that she could not survive the night. And Robinson knew that to-morrow and to-morrow—a long stretch of days—lay before them all. There was no hope for a frail body; weakness was death. In his heart he frankly admitted that he was about to lose his child.

He lay down beside her. "Mary, dear," he pleaded, "don't give up!"

She pressed his hand.

"Don't give up!" he repeated.

A wan smile came and went. "I can't help it," she whispered.

Skipper Libe and his men withdrew. It was now near midnight. The fog was lifting. Stars twinkled in patches of black sky. Low toward the seaward horizon the moon was breaking through the clouds.

Suddenly the cook sat bolt upright. "Skipper," he demanded, "where is we?"

"On the Devil's Teeth."

"An' what rock's this?"

"This?"

"Aye—*this!*"

"I'd not be s'prised," the skipper answered, "if 'tis what they calls the Cocked Hat."

"Feather's Folly!" roared the cook.

"Which?" said the wary skipper, suspiciously.

The cook was on his feet, dancing in glad excitement. "Feather's Folly!" he shouted. "Feather's Folly!"

"Catch un!" said the skipper, quietly. "He've gone mad."

They set upon the poor cook. Before he could escape they had him fast. He was tripped, thrown, sat upon.

"Don't let him up," the skipper warned. "He'll do hisself hurt. Poor man!" he sighed. "He've lost his senses."

"Mad!" screamed the cook. "You're mad. Feather's Folly! We're saved!"

"Hold un tight," said the skipper.

But the cook was not to be held. He

wriggled free and bolted. The crew took after him, the skipper in the lead; and by the dim, changing light of that night he led them a mad chase over rock and through drifted snow. They pursued, they headed him off, they laid hold of his flying coat-tail; but he eluded them, dodged, sped, doubled. If he was mad, there was method in his madness. He was searching every square yard of that acre of uneven rock. At last, panting and perspiring, he came to a full stop and turned triumphantly upon his pursuers. He had found what he sought.

"Mad!" he laughed. "Who's mad, now? Eh? Who's crazy?"

The crew stared.

"Who's crazy?" the cook roared. "Look at that! What d'ye make o' that?"

"It looks," the skipper admitted, "like salvation!"

Old man Feather had indeed "seen that it wouldn't happen again." He had provided for castaways on the Cocked Hat. There was a tight little hut in the lee of the Bishop's Nose; within, there were provisions and blankets and firewood and candles. Moreover, in the sprawling, misspelled welcome, tacked to the wall, there was even the heartening information that "seegars is in the kityun tabl." The passengers and crew of the *Fish Killer* were soon warm and satisfied. They spent a happy night, a night so changed, so cozy, so bountiful, that they blessed old man Feather until their tongues were tired. And old man Feather himself, who kept watch on the Cocked Hat with a spyglass, took them off to Hulk's Harbor in the clear weather of the next day.

"An' did you find the cigars, skipper?" he whispered, with a wide, proud grin.

"Us did."

"An' was they good? Hist! now," the old fellow repeated, with a wink of mystery, "*wasn't* they good?"

"Well," the skipper drawled, not ungraciously, "the cook made bad weather of it. But he double reefed hisself an' lived through. 'Twas the first an' the finest cigar he ever seed."

The old man chuckled delightedly.





## A Honeymoon in a Canoe

Extracts from a Bride's Log-Book

BY WINIFRED FALES

**A**UGUST 18, 19—. When I consented to keep a log of our honeymoon trip, I had no idea it would be so difficult to begin. Doubtless the proper way would be to state the latitude and longitude, prevailing winds, and other incomprehensible things. But as our good ship, *Peggy*, is only a bark canoe, whose "log" is to be bound into the lovely "Bryde's Booke," sent as a wedding gift by the members of the Sketch Club, it may be just as well to start by telling who we are and how we happen to be taking such an unorthodox kind of wedding trip. (Flora Goodell told Alice Wilcox

she thought it was simply "heathenish!")

Permit me, then, to introduce Mr. Richard Terence Parsons—otherwise "Terry"—and Miss Helen—oh! oh! I *quite* forgot!—Mrs. Helen Rieve Parsons. The latter important personage having only come into existence at high noon of this very day, her occasional blunders should be condoned on the ground of extreme youth and inexperience.

When we talked over our prospective "tower," each was delighted to find the other strongly averse to wasting our precious fortnight in stuffy, cindery trains, or crowded summer-hotels. Yet, while it was easy enough to decide what we *wouldn't* do, it was a long time before any congenial plan presented itself. We were on the



THE TABLE—THE WOODEN BOX THAT CONTAINED OUR CAMP-KIT

ragged edge of despair when Terry's duck of an Uncle Terence unconsciously solved the problem by giving me the canoe, with "Cheerful Peggy"—his pet name for me—painted on it in pompous-looking, fat, gold letters.

Of course, there was a storm of protest when we announced our determination. Nobody had ever heard of such a thing, and "outlandish" was the mildest term applied to the project by all except mother-kin, who believes in the thrice-blessed gospel of letting people alone. But Terry, the dear, bore the brunt of the storm; and finally the sky cleared and the scoffers came around to our point of view and voted it a "great lark."

So Terry hired a small camp-outfit, which he sent with the *Peggy* over to the Massachee Boat Club, of which Mr. Haven, his best man, is a member. That was early this morning. Then came the ceremony, which I will not describe here, because a full account of it is to be entered in its proper place in the *Bryde's Booke*. Like most weddings, it was terribly solemn

at first and Terry's hands shook so he nearly put the ring on the wrong finger. But just as we turned around to be congratulated, "Queen Wilhelmina" marched majestically into the parlor, her tail held stiffly erect like a plume of pampas grass, and laid one of her new kittens at my feet with as much ceremony as if it had been a diamond tiara. That broke the ice, and the roar of laughter which followed caused poor Queenie to retire with offended dignity.

When I had changed to a duck skirt and shirt-waist, and had packed a few duds in an old dress-suit case of brother Tom's (I didn't propose to risk a wetting for my lovely new silver-fitted dressing-bag), we were ready to start—and so, to our dismay, were all the guests. When the latter announced their intention of seeing us off, I trembled with fear of some practical joking by the way, but consoled myself by the reflection that, being the most plainly dressed member of the party, no one could suspect me of being the bride. Thus I was enabled to stifle the pang I had felt at



I WATCHED HIM SILENTLY FOR A FEW MINUTES

leaving behind all my pretty new frocks, particularly the brown shadow-check that Miss Stetson and I had copied so successfully from a stunning Paris model.

The "gang," as Terry inelegantly termed our escort, surprised us by behaving quite decorously until we had reached the float and stowed our traps—and ourselves as well—in the canoe. Then Mr. Haven, who had unaccountably disappeared, came running out of the clubhouse with a huge sack of rice, and in an instant we were in the thick of a white, stinging blizzard. We ducked our heads, so suddenly that we came near upsetting, and Terry, with a mighty sweep of the paddle, sent the boat flying out into midstream before the second volley could reach us. We stopped just out of range of the storm of kernels that rippled the water like hail, and Terry pretended to scoop up handfuls from the bottom of the canoe and stuff them into his pockets.

"Many thanks for this thoughtful attention," he called back to the discomfited group on the float. "Your generosity has

relieved our minds of a terrible weight. Starvation no longer stares us in the face!"

According to such irreproachable authorities as "The Duchess" and "Bertha Clay," my sovereign lord should have fervently exclaimed, "Alone, at last!" with appropriate gestures, at this stage of the proceedings. Unfortunately for romance, however, my back was toward him, and even had it been otherwise, sentimentality in a canoe is about as safe as climbing the Jungfrau at midnight. So we contented ourselves with chuckling over our neat escape and settled down to the serious business of navigation.

It was four o'clock when we landed here in a tiny bit of a cove that is hardly more than an accidental slip of the giant knife that carved the river-bed. There is a prosperous-looking town behind the narrow strip of timber-land that borders the river, but so far as appearances go we might as well be a thousand miles from civilization. After unpacking, we set up the tent—a most complicated undertaking it seemed to me, although Terry appeared



THE OBEDIENT SCULLION WASHED THE DISHES

to find it quite simple. Strange how men always understand such things by instinct! After getting tangled up with the guy ropes, falling over a peg, and otherwise distinguishing myself, I comforted my wounded pride by the reflection that Terry himself would present an even more pitiable spectacle if he attempted to cope with—say, Hardanger or crochet!

He has left me to keep house while he tramps over to the village to buy sugar and other necessities that were forgotten. It isn't half so nice here when one is all alone. I think I'll stop writing and set the table—i. e. the wooden box that contained our camp-kit. That extravagant boy brought a great tin of my favorite *paté*, and remembered olives, Camembert, and coffee, though he omitted such minor considerations as bread and sugar!

*August 24th.*—We had an exciting adventure last night. I was awakened by a sudden lurching of the tent, and thought for an instant there must be an earthquake. Then came a sound of something plunging

about, and a heavy body struck the canvas wall. I was positive it must be a bear, and begged Terry not to stir; but he lighted the lantern, seized his revolver, and heroically dashed out. Confused trampling and a frightened bellow followed his exit, and then he reappeared, laughing. It seems a stray cow had followed my example by getting mixed up with the ropes. Terry said it was undoubtedly a feminine failing. My alarm upon learning the nature of the disturber prevented my making a proper retort. Personally, I should have preferred meeting the bear. The tent being considerably demoralized, I was obliged to drape myself in the classic folds of a blanket and hold the lantern while my liege lord straightened the pegs and put things shipshape.

No sooner had we settled down again than a tree-toad began a vigorous serenade not ten feet away, and a screech-owl started practicing *solfeggio* in opposition, which banished sleep for a long period. Consequently I overslept, and was finally aroused by the crackling of wood and the sound of





WE FOLDED OUR TENT "LIKE THE ARABS"

Terry moving about outside. I jumped up in a hurry, and, peeping through the tent-flap, spied him busily at work over the fire, his tongue sticking out of one corner of his mouth, as it always does when he is deep in thought. I watched him silently for a few minutes while he filled the kettle and hung it on the crane-like thing he had made out of a forked branch; but when he started arranging the table, standing back every other minute with his head cocked at an angle and one eye squinted up while he studied the effect, then darting forward to move the salt or butter an inch to one side or the other, I had to burst out laughing. He pretended to be deeply offended by my unseemly mirth, said I was entirely devoid of the artistic temperament, and wound up by commanding me to do penance by dressing in a hurry and finishing the table myself—which I did with becoming meekness. After a jolly breakfast, the obedient scullion washed the dishes while the chef rested from his labors and enjoyed the solace of a morning pipe. Then we

folded our tent "like the Arabs," and were soon speeding swiftly downstream.

We have made our camp on the edge of a cornfield whose owner invited us to "help ourselves," so we have a half-dozen big ears bubbling away in the kettle for supper. I have disagreeable premonitions that the farmer's generosity may have been prompted by the knowledge that what little corn remained for gathering was a trifle "overdone," so to speak, and not strictly marketable. Fortunately for us, this outdoor life is giving us the appetites of ostriches, with digestions to correspond.

*August 26th.*—We started extra early, just as the sun floated up over the mountain-tops like a great fire balloon. The river was veiled with a silvery mist so dense that the surface of the water was almost invisible. Drifting silently with the current, it seemed as if childhood's dream of sailing about on a fleecy white cloud had at last come true. The fiery ball climbed higher and higher, and the mist gradually dissolved until only a delicate haze remained



GETTING SUPPER

to temper the glare. The river had been behaving in a most unaccountable manner, getting broader and broader as if it were trying to become an ocean; but it only succeeded in turning into a big lake with forests sloping down to the steep banks on all sides.

We were nearly starving by this time, and as we paddled slowly along, looking for a place to land, we heard a loud hail from a point just ahead, and there was Frank Seymour with Julia and her sister Bess, trying frantically to attract our attention. They invited us up to their bungalow for luncheon, and rest assured we "stood not upon the order of our going." They have the dearest place, with wide verandas and a huge living-room that is nearly all glass on the side facing the river, and that has a delightful ingle nook with a rough stone fireplace big enough to keep house in all by itself. The dining-room has sliding glass doors and the table had been drawn out upon the veranda, so that we had our clam bouillon and creamed chicken and things in a cool green nest of vines and

potted plants. Terry and I positively decided to build a summerhouse precisely like it as soon as he was admitted to partnership.

We left "Boffins' Bower," as it is named, about three o'clock, despite our hosts' urgent invitation to spend the night, and have set up our Lares and Penates in a grove of ghostly white birches. This irresponsible way of living is great fun. I feel like a Romany queen when I sit before the fire peeling potatoes, with my faithful steward fishing for our supper from the edge of the bank. I have learned that there is as much difference between the flavor of fish that jump from the water right into the frying-pan and those one sees in the markets, miserably extended on slabs of ice, or curled up with their tails in their mouths on beds of parsley, as between chokecherries (we picked some yesterday, so I know whereof I speak) and great, sweet, luscious white-hearts.

The end of the *Peggy's* honeymoon voyage is near, though not the end of the



IT HAS BEEN A BLESSED TWO WEEKS, WITHOUT A CLOUD ON THE HORIZON

honeymoon. That, we have decided to retain as a permanent feature. We departed from our usual custom to-night by dining at a quaint little Spanish hostelry. The place was originally a rambling, old-fashioned farmhouse, and the only modern touch it has received is the addition of a huge veranda overlooking the water. Both the veranda and the long flight of steps by which it is reached are curtained with Virginia creeper and woodbine, and the house itself is all set about, not with the "fever trees" of Kipling's "gray, green, greasy Limpopo," but with giant oaks and hemlocks.

We chose a small table close to the railing, and, to our astonishment, were served with a superb six-course dinner that would put to shame many of New York's famous *table d'hôtes*.

It has been a blessed two weeks, without a cloud on the horizon. When I contrast the peaceful murmur of river and forest with the turbulent rattle and roar of city streets, and our present joyous emancipation from the tyranny of clocks and doorbells with the stereotyped round of conven-

tional social life, I am tempted to go on playing the gypsy queen forever, tenting under the greenwood tree by night and floating placidly down unknown streams by day.

Yet there is an invisible cord that draws us cityward. One end is fast to a magic key hidden in Terry's pocket; the other to a shining lock on the door of a tiny flat, in whose diminutive rooms are gathered all the treasured belongings of the past and present. There Terry's bookcase divides the honors with my piano, and his pipe-rack graces the wall above my samovar. The reading-lamp stands ready on the table, with Terry's big Morris chair and my willow rocker and workbasket flanking it on either side. When I think of all the planning and contriving that have gone to the making of that little home, and of the present happiness and future hopes and ambitions bound up within its walls, I feel that after all I shall not be sorry to lay aside my paddle, and write *finis* across the last page of the *Cheerful Peggy's* log.

# The Treason of the Senate

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

*This month Mr. Phillips gives the records of two more suave, self-satisfied senators who are the creatures of almighty Aldrich and who are firmly wedded to "the interests." These men are Stephen B. Elkins and Philander C. Knox. Elkins, by a succession of bold acts of "development," has amassed a fortune of over thirty millions. The greater part of Knox's immense wealth has been made by fees paid by armor-plate and rebate men. Mr. Phillips shows conclusively what these two high officials have done for themselves. Then he asks very pointedly: What have they done for their country?*

## VI

### *Confusing the People*

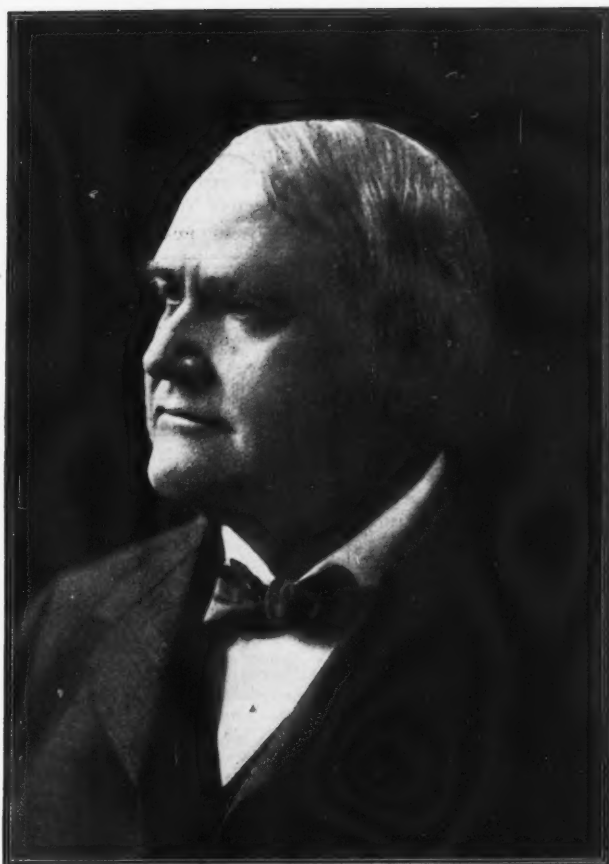
**T**HESE articles have been attacked, but their facts—the facts of the treason of the Senate, taken from the records—have not been attacked. Abuse is not refutation; it is confession. New to this democratic republic, and more than suspicious, is the doctrine that the people must not be shown the public records of their public servants; that the people may not learn how the "merged" senators, with Joe Cannon's "merged" House concurring, license and protect the "high financiers" in piling up vast fortunes for the few and in multiplying for the many the difficulties of getting a livelihood and a competence; that the people must not be told how the Senate has never moved to use its ample Constitutional powers to protect the people until public anger compelled; how it has then merely passed some deliberately ineffective measure, like the Cullom interstate commerce act of 1887; and how, by killing reciprocity treaties and by injecting robber schedules into tariff laws, it has penned the people in from even such slight relief as might have come from abroad.

A great deal is said by apologists for treason about there being nothing "constructive" in exposing public corruption.

If trying to bring it about that only men of character can get public honors, if trying to make it impossible for tricksters and traitors to live in our public life—if these objects are not "constructive," then what does the word mean? Are only lying speech and perfidious act "constructive"? The exposed cry out that these exposures endanger the Republic. What a ludicrous inversion—the burglar shouting that the house is falling because he is being ejected from it! The Republic is not in danger; it is its enemies that are in danger. The treason of the Senate is a disease to be cured; but it is a disease of the skin, not of the bones.

We have noted the "merger" of the two national political machines, and have watched it in operation, its Republicans and its Democrats playing into one another's hands. We have examined the records of its leaders. We have seen that they, the avowed chief men of the two political parties, the chosen arrangers of campaigns and legislative programmes, are of, by, and for "the interests." We have seen, beneath the dust of senatorial debates, measures in the popular interest maimed or assassinated, so-called Democrats coöperating with so-called Republicans, each crowd of the sham battlers wearing an angry front toward the other—to fool and confuse the people.

The fact that these leaders are obeyed, are followed, is in itself proof of the charac-



SENATOR STEPHEN BENTON ELKINS OF WEST VIRGINIA, ONE OF THE POWERFUL SECOND LIEUTENANTS OF THE "MERGER" WORKING FOR "THE INTERESTS" AGAINST THE PEOPLE

ter of the followers. But there are those who would say: "True, such men as Aldrich, Spooner, and Bailey ought not to be in command. But their followers are honest, are honestly deceived." But to say that men of enough ability to get anywhere at all are so foolish that they do not understand the politico-financial game, though playing it daily for years, is to draw too heavily upon credulity; and to excuse them is to stretch the mantle of charity diaphanously thin. However, let us go on until the deplorable but necessary truth about the overwhelming majority of the senators is established beyond even groundless and shadowy objection.

Spooner and Bailey are, as we have seen, the first lieutenants of the "merger." There is a group of senatorial leaders who may be fittingly called second lieutenants—big figures in the public eye, influential in the Senate, that is, in the "merger," dangerous to the people because they are adroit, specious, reputed "eminently respectable." From this group let us select two for the present article—Elkins and Knox.

#### *Elkins and What He Stands For*

First—Stephen B. Elkins of West Virginia.

We have seen that the "merger" does the main part of the work for "the interests"

and against the people in the secure secrecy of Senate committees. Aldrich has Elkins on several important committees—rules, commerce, appropriations, etc. He has intrusted to him the chairmanship of the interstate commerce committee. Thus Elkins, under the Senate rules and “senatorial courtesy,” is practically master of the committee which, with the exception of Aldrich’s own finance committee, is the most important to the gang that finances both party machines and promotes the fortunes of senators and other high politicians in exchange for license and protection. For to this committee—to Elkins—are referred all proposals to enable the people to regulate their twenty thousand millions of annual interstate commerce, to secure a just distribution of prosperity. And only such measures as Chairman Elkins approves, or as Aldrich and he decide can or must be “taken care of” in the open Senate, ever see again the light of day.

Who and what is the man Aldrich has intrusted with this vital command?

Every man, woman, and child who makes or spends a dollar anywhere in this country is more interested in this question than in the immediate source of his or her own income. You can change your employer; but not so easily can you change this man who by his power over interstate commerce legislation has more to say about your material welfare than has your employer, more to say than have you yourself, no matter how well you may be using your energy and intelligence. Also, the answer to “Who and what is Elkins?” will broaden our light upon the Senate, where he has honor and authority by the votes of the majority of the senators. In reading his public record, let us not forget that its facts are well known to his colleagues, and that they can no more plead ignorance of him than they could of Aldrich or Spooner or Bailey—or of themselves.

Elkins, having graduated from the University of Missouri in 1860 and been admitted to the bar in 1863, went to the territory of New Mexico, and, by interesting himself in politics, got the federal office of district attorney. The Mexican system of peonage, slavery for debt, was in full operation then, and Elkins laid the foundations of his fortune by wholesale prosecutions, each of which netted him a tidy sum whether there was conviction or com-

promise. With the capital thus gained lawfully, the young lawyer and politician went into the business of grabbing public land—keeping firm grip, of course, on his political power, and getting successively the, to a land-grabber, invaluable offices of attorney-general of the territory and territorial representative in Congress. As a citizen of New Mexico, a “captain of industry,” and a “developer of resources,” he was compactly described by the distinguished George W. Julian, one-time surveyor-general of New Mexico and a careful, honest man, in a speech at Indianapolis on September 14, 1892. Said Julian:

“Elkins’s dealings were mainly in Spanish grants, which he bought for a very small price. Elkins became a member of the land-ring of the territory; and largely through his influence the survey of these grants was made to contain hundreds of thousands of acres that did not belong to them. He thus became a great land-holder, for through the manipulation of committees in Congress grants thus illegally surveyed were confirmed with their fictitious boundaries.

“He made himself particularly conspicuous as the hero of the famous Maxwell grant which, as Secretary Cox decided in 1869, contained only about ninety-six thousand acres, but which, under the manipulation of Elkins, was surveyed and patented for 1,714,764 acres, or nearly 2,680 square miles. Congress, through the action of its committees, was beguiled into the confirmation of the grant, and thus the Supreme Court was compelled to recognize this astounding robbery as valid. By such methods as these more than 10,000,000 acres of the public domain in New Mexico became the spoil of the land-grabbers; and the ringleader in this game of spoliation was Stephen B. Elkins, the confederate of Stephen W. Dorsey, and the master spirit of the movement. I do not speak at random, but from official documents and ascertained facts with which I became familiar during my public service of four years in that territory.”

Let us not linger upon the scores of instances of successful and unsuccessful jobbery in those days—how, for instance, he tried, but failed, to grab a group of rich copper mines by having a grant, which lay in one direction, surveyed as if it lay in exactly the opposite direction; how he took up and tried to force a claim against the Brazilian government for fifty million dollars, which claim Secretary of State Thomas F. Bayard characterized as “an outrage upon any nation with which the United States has a desire to have friendly



relations." Let us pass with him to West Virginia, where his father-in-law, Henry Gassaway Davis, was one of the overlords—a Democrat as Elkins was a Republican, and finally, in the last national campaign, the Democratic "merger" candidate for vice president. Davis and Elkins were soon in a sort of general partnership for

Morgantown & Ringwood Railroad, the Security Trust Company of Wheeling, the Wheeling Traction Company, the West Virginia Bridge & Construction Company, etc., etc., etc. His interests have destroyed independent towns that were thriving, and have built up in their place other towns that are dependent upon him. One illustration



SENATOR PHILANDER CHASE KNOX OF PENNSYLVANIA, WHOSE RECORD IS ONE OF CONSPICUOUS DEVOTION TO THE MEN WHO EXPLOIT THE LABOR AND CAPITAL OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

exploiting West Virginia by means of political finance and financial politics.

*How He "Develops" His State*

Elkins has been "assisting in the development of the resources" of West Virginia since 1875. He came there rich; he has grown enormously rich in coal lands, railways, and public facilities of all kinds—the

of his methods, being typical, will serve us as well as a hundred. The Fulmers owned coal mines which Elkins wanted. He owned the railway upon one of whose spurs the Fulmers depended to get their coal to market. The Fulmers found they could get no cars; then the spur somehow fell into such disrepair that it was unsafe to run cars over it, if the Fulmers should get a court



WASHINGTON HOME OF SENATOR ELKINS

order compelling Elkins to furnish cars; finally, he began to tear up the tracks of the spur. A succession of utterly lawless acts; a miniature of the man's career! Bold where boldness was necessary, sly where slyness would best serve, always energetic, implacably greedy, unscrupulous—such is Elkins, the citizen. And he has got together more than thirty million dollars; he "represents" the debauched state of West Virginia in the Senate; and there he is the man who passes upon all measures relating to our interstate commerce—the bulk of the labor of the American people, the bulk of their prosperity, for just or unjust distribution, as Elkins, under Aldrich and "the interests," may decide!

What has Elkins done in the Senate? Except only the recently compelled rate bill, which as we shall see in due time is a fraud, no measure even pretending to be for the people or against the looters has been reported from his committee. That fact alone is enough to stamp the man, just as the fact of vast robbery rampant and big thieves unmolested and unafraid throughout the nation would be enough of itself, and without the crowding confirmatory evidence,

to convict the Senate of treason. But let us recall, as a specific instance of Elkins's treason, his most conspicuous act of perfidious commission.

In the winter of 1902-1903 he reported, and the "merged" Senate passed, an amendment repealing that provision of the law which made punishable by imprisonment the infamous crime of rebating—infamous is a fit word to characterize the crime that is almost on a par with murder as an assault upon vital rights. To jail with the man who steals an overcoat or a loaf of bread; but only a fine for stealing by "high finance" sneak-thievery the property, the business, the prosperity of tens of thousands! This is Elkins's climax of senatorial achievement, thus far. It is significant of the power of the "merger" over the House that the Elkins act passed it by two hundred and forty-one to six, so eager are the Washington politicians to serve the "merger" and "the interests" if they can get plausible reasons for doing so. The fact that President Roosevelt signed it shows how unconscious he then was of the perfidy he had to deal with at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue. The reason advanced by Elkins

for his bill, and accepted by many who should have known better in the excitement of the tremendous applause from the agents and newspapers of "the interests," was that railway officials would let themselves be convicted if the penalty were a fine only, whereas they would not permit it if they had to go to jail. The common sense of the matter was expressed with more than judicial moderation by Federal Judge Bethea at Chicago last April, when, in imposing a fine upon some rebaters, he said he doubted if any fine would prevent the criminals from "repeating this offense or cause others to hesitate to follow their example," and that "if there were a provision for imprisonment, much more might be accomplished."

#### *Exposed by La Follette*

The real reason for the Elkins act was exposed by Senator La Follette in a speech in the Senate on April 27th, last. He told how the Wisconsin legislature in 1903 ordered an expert investigation of the books of the railways. Said he:

"That was just about the time of the passage of the Elkins act. It was disclosed that the railroads had made more than seven million dollars of deductions for rebates."

Obviously, if Elkins and the Senate had not hastened to the rescue, the high officials of the railways radiating to the North and Northwest from Chicago would have had to go to jail; for the proof was complete.

To befog the railway situation in the public mind, the railways, about two years ago, appointed as a committee for a "campaign of popular education" President Spencer of the Southern, President Underwood of the Erie, and President Wilcox of the Delaware & Hudson. Spencer, with his offices at Washington and with his direct opportunities socially and otherwise to influence public men, was the chief director of this education. Part of the scheme, and a very important part, was a series of public hearings on the railway question by Elkins's Senate committee a year ago last spring. For six weeks railway men poured in testimony to the fairness and impartiality and honesty of the management of the big railways. About the only discord was introduced by Governor Cummins of Iowa, a Republican who is fighting to destroy the grip of the "merger" upon his party in that

state. In a speech at Storm Lake, Iowa, on February 16th, last, he described his treatment by Elkins. Said he:

"For four hours and a half not one single question was put to me except with the intent to overwhelm me. I was the only man in that large room crowded to the doors who had not gone there on the invitation of the railroads and on a free pass. While the chairman was probing me there sat by his side the general attorney for all the railroads of the United States. And when I saw that attorney passing to the chairman question after question to embarrass me, and when I observed the tender relationship existing between them, the hot blood of indignation ran through me. That chairman was Stephen B. Elkins. *The people of West Virginia did not put him in the Senate. The railroads placed him there. He is there to do what the railroads command him to do.*"

The attorney to whom this stanchly Republican governor referred was ex-Senator Faulkner of West Virginia, a so-called Democrat, one-time chairman of the Democratic Congressional campaign committee. Elkins issued a long denial in May last; but Governor Cummins has ample corroboration for his main points.

The Republican Governor Dawson of West Virginia was last spring forced by the desperate anger of the people of West Virginia publicly to describe and protest against the conditions resulting from Elkins-Davis "merged" politics. Wrote he:

"West Virginia to-day is in the grasp of a railroad trust which practically says what part of the state shall be developed and what part shall not be developed, how much coal shall be shipped out of this state, to what points or parts it shall be shipped, and when it shall be shipped. Of course it makes its own rates and our people are helpless. I have been trying since 1881 to get a railroad commission in West Virginia, but the railroad lobby would never let us have it."

This Republican governor sent this protest and appeal, not to Republican Senators Elkins and Scott of West Virginia, but to Senator Tillman, a Democrat from South Carolina. And when the Bituminous Coal Trades League of West Virginia made its similar protest and appeal, it addressed itself, not to the "merged" senators or to the cowed representatives from its own state, but to Representative Gillespie from far-away Texas.

When Elkins and Aldrich found that the railway-rate bill could not be suppressed

they had it reported from their committee in charge of Senator Tillman. The newspapers called this a bit of spite work against the President. As if old, experienced, cool-blooded experts in the politics of chicane like Aldrich and Elkins acted from spite in crucial matters! The real reason was that the enmity between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Tillman would necessitate go-betweens in the negotiations to get as strong a bill as possible through the Senate. The whole country now knows how shrewd that Elkins-Aldrich move was, and how easily they and their agents entangled the bill in a snarl of personal hatreds and distrusts, and took out of it what little strength it originally had.

Is there doubt in anyone's mind whether Elkins is with "the interests" or with the people? Is it possible to conceive Elkins doing anything for the people? Yet he is a power in the Senate, one of the men who can do things, while honest senators like Republican La Follette and Democrat Tillman can only talk.

#### *Another Creature of Almighty Aldrich*

But some one is saying: "There is Knox. He is a power. Yet he is of the highest respectability, a man of character and of impartiality, a representative of the people." Let us see. Let us neither trust nor distrust "appearances"; let us look beneath them at actualities.

Philander C. Knox, a graduate of Mount Union College, Ohio, in the class of 1872, became a lawyer and, in 1875, United States district attorney at Pittsburg. "The interests" are always alert to annex the bright young men who enter public service and who show capacity for mischief—and for usefulness. Knox graduated from the office of people's prosecutor into the service of those whom the people most wish and most need to have prosecuted; he has been in that service without a break ever since. His most profitable client for many years was the scandalously corrupt Carnegie Steel Company, as to whose vast rebating crimes President Cassatt of the Pennsylvania has lately "peached." He had the Pittsburg, Bessemer & Lake Erie, the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago, the Pittsburg and Birmingham Traction, and other powerful corporate clients, several of them always in need of the skill of an adroit lawyer, because, like the Carnegie Com-

pany, they were engaged in wholesale law-breaking and law-dodging. Knox performed many signal and well-rewarded services for his law-cheating clients, who were just as much thieves as is the tramp who steals a nickel to get at a free-lunch counter; but to recite them all would be to repeat the familiar story of the successful lawyer for big, rascal-controlled corporations. One most notable instance will suffice:

The Carnegie Company was manufacturing armor-plate at a cost of less than two hundred dollars a ton, was selling it to the Russian government for two hundred and forty-nine dollars a ton, and to the United States government at from five hundred and twenty dollars to seven hundred dollars a ton. These are all official figures. The difference in price was not in value but in "patriotism"—our Carnegies with their "blow-hole" plate for the navy and our Armours with their "embalmed beef" for the army are nothing if not "patriots"; to criticise them or their agents in public life is "anarchy," is "pessimistic," is "muck-raking." A Congressional committee, after examining thoroughly into the Carnegie Company's methods of manufacturing for American warships, reported (House Report No. 1468, 53d Congress, 2d session):

"The company was hired to make the best possible armor-plate and was paid an enormous price. Resting under these obligations the company or its servants have perpetrated manifold frauds, the natural tendency of which was to palm off upon the government an inferior armor whose inferiority might perchance appear only in the shock of battle and with incalculable damage to the country.

"The efforts of the company, and of its superintendents Cline, Corey, and Schwab, have been to satisfy your committee that the armor is up to the requirements of the contract, notwithstanding the false reports to inspectors, doctoring of specimens, plugging of plates, fraudulent re-treating of test-plates and 'jockeying' of the testing-machine. The unblushing character of the frauds to which these men have been parties and the disregard for truth and honesty which they have shown in testifying before your committee render them unworthy of credence."

The committee made charts showing the exact location of many bad plates upon thirteen American warships and specifying the defects so far as they could be ascertained. Did Knox throw up his retainer of fifty thousand dollars a year from this company, thus convicted? No! Did he refuse

to defend it? No! Did he demand the dismissal of the men who had been detected and branded as untruthful and dishonest, parties to crimes against their and his country? Not he; not Patriot Knox. On the contrary, he continued as chief lawyer for them, continued intimately to associate with them, continued to grow rich out of fees and dividends earned from and by

March 22, 1901, J. Pierpont Morgan, the big man of the steel corporation, called, in the evening, upon President McKinley, at the White House. The next morning Mr. McKinley announced that the attorney-general, the head of the national Department of Justice, the legal guardian of the people against the common enemy, "the interests," would be—Philander Knox! And Mr.



SENATOR ELKINS AND HIS SON, STEPHEN B. ELKINS, JR.

them. And when the Carnegie Company entered the United States Steel Corporation, with first Schwab and then Corey as president, Knox was made one of the legal sponsors of that gigantic tax upon industries and fraud upon investors. And to that same crowd he owes a large part of the money which makes him a millionaire. As we shall see, he also owes it his seat in the Senate.

Roosevelt, charmed by his engaging personality and manifest abilities, impulsively retained him. The Anti-Trust League, petitioning the Senate judiciary committee—in vain—not to confirm the appointment, put the matter thus pertinently:

"Is it proper for a lawyer to appear against his former clients? Can a lawyer willing to appear against his former clients be trusted to prosecute them if guilty? The charges we

have filed refer not only to his dereliction of duty in the cases we have filed with him, but also bear upon his admitted intimate relations and his collusion with the criminal practices of the armor-plate trust which, we are informed, robbed the government of millions of dollars during the time Mr. Knox was their associate and adviser."

#### *Knox Betrays Roosevelt*

During Knox's custody of the national Department of Justice the expected happened. Nothing was done to reestablish justice, to drive off or even seriously to hamper the insolent thieves of "high finance." Mr. Roosevelt ordered Knox to proceed against the notorious Northern Securities Company which Morgan, Jim Hill, Harriman, the Rothschilds, and the Rockefellers had had cooked up by their lawyer lackeys. And what did Knox do? Let the answer come from the United States Supreme Court, from the opinion delivered by Mr. Justice Holmes, on March 14, 1904:

"It is vain to insist that this is not a criminal proceeding. The words cannot be read one way in a suit which is to end in fine and imprisonment, and another in one which seeks an injunction. I am no friend of *artificial interpretations*. . . . So I say we must read the words before us as if the question were whether two small exporting grocers should go to jail."

That is, Mr. Justice Holmes, in judicial language, exposed and rebuked Knox's sly betrayal of the President and the people in bringing a *civil* action against men who, as the justice said, were guilty of crime, if guilty at all. The court held that they were guilty; but the faithful Knox had seen to it that there could be no "running amuck," no jailing of rich lawbreakers as if they were poor devils with no education and with their poverty in extenuation of their crimes.

Such was Knox as the efficient attorney-general for "the interests" and against the people. When Matt Quay died there arose the question, who could best represent what he had so long and so efficiently represented. The two great powers in Pennsylvania are the steel trust and the Pennsylvania Railroad—the steel trust that earns annually one hundred and forty millions *net*, on an actual investment of hardly twice that sum, by extortionate prices for a prime necessity of civilized life; and the Pennsylvania Railroad, the criminal betrayal of whose stockholders and of the people by its controllers

was exposed before the Interstate Commerce Commission last May. It was published by newspapers of all parties, as a matter of routine news, that Frick, one of Knox's old employers in the Carnegie Company and a controller of the steel trust, and A. J. Cassatt, the presiding genius at the Pennsylvania's carnival of swindling, favoritism, and rebating, got together, agreed that Knox was the man for the job and "recommended" his appointment. The "recommendation" was, of course, heeded by Governor Pennypacker and ratified by the legislature.

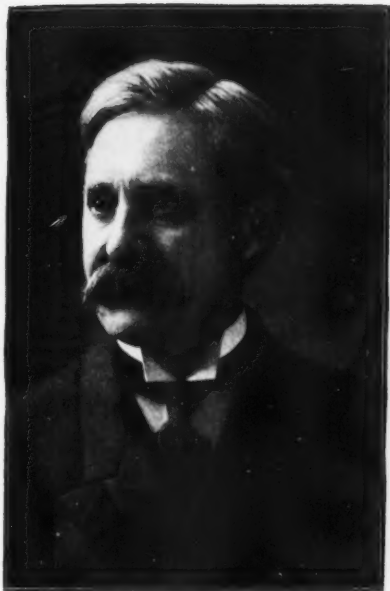
What has Knox done in the Senate? Nothing that suggests that the people have rights or even existence—except as material for his friends and patrons to exploit. The most conspicuous of his typical and natural activities has been his effort to amend the railway-rate bill. Like all the "merged" senators, he was greatly agitated lest it should be "unconstitutional"; and, in the "merged" Senate and in the "merged" House, "unconstitutional" always means dangerous to the big leeches that are sucking away with greedy lips at the prosperity of the American people. His amendment provided for the point which Aldrich afterwards secured—every effort to curb the railways subjected to a court review which would enable the railways' lawyers to nullify the law by endless technicalities and delays. It contained a further provision that the orders of the Interstate Commerce Commission could be reviewed "in the Circuit Court of the United States *for the district in which any portion of the line of the carrier or carriers may be located.*"

That is, the railways could drag the wronged shipper to a part of the country remote from his business, could make it all but impossible for him to press his case. Attorney-General Moody pointed this out to Mr. Roosevelt, who cooled toward Knox. Throughout the railway debate, Knox was second only to Spooner in eagerness to serve corrupt controllers of railways, was second only to Bailey in confusing the issues and, so, aiding Aldrich to secure the complete triumph of the "merger" over President Roosevelt and Senators Tillman and La Follette, representing the people.

#### *Muck-Raking and Treason*

Knox is fifty-three years old; he has been in public life thirty years—and that in a state





ALBERT B. CUMMINS, GOVERNOR OF IOWA, WHO IS MAKING A BRAVE FIGHT AGAINST THE GRIP OF THE "MERGER" IN THAT STATE

in which there is clamorous opportunity for a man with conscience and patriotism, and with talents such as his. Yet we search his record as vainly as we searched Aldrich's, Spooner's, Bailey's, Platt's, and Depew's. To him, as to the other leaders of the Senate, America has meant, not the American people, but the men who exploit the labor and the capital of the American people of all classes, even of their own small class of the colossally rich; to him, as to the rest of the band, patriotism has meant serving those exploiters. Looking at this suave, complacent man, made a millionaire by fees from armor-plate and rebate rascals, or in listening to his smooth eloquence in behalf of robbers by methods worthy of footpad or assassin, who would imagine that he was supposed to represent the people of a state where there are such conditions as are described in the following extract from the official report of the Child-Labor Commission?

"If Pennsylvania's *working-children* were to stand shoulder to shoulder, the line would reach more than *twenty-two miles*. If one of

(To be continued.)

*Next month's article will be the records of Foraker and others in the second rank of the Senate's leadership.*

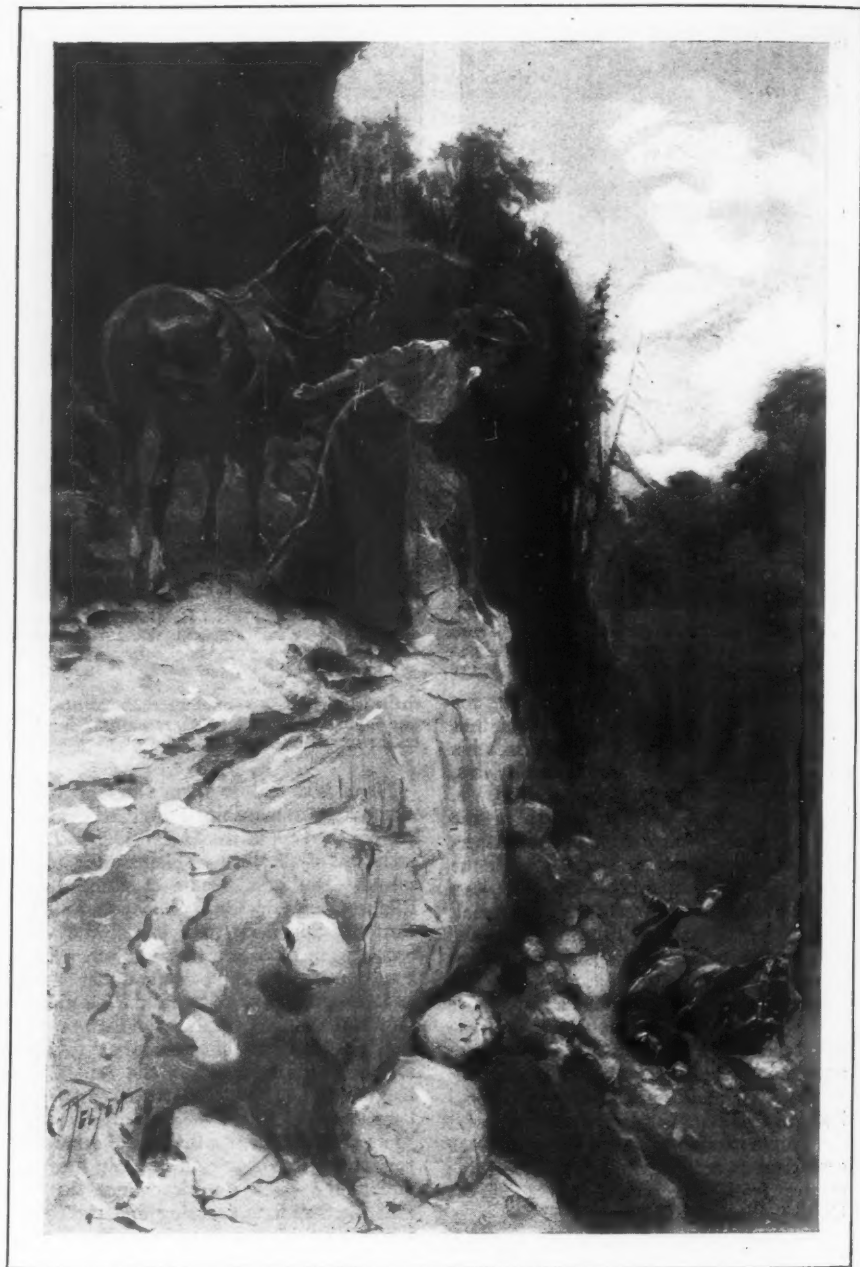


SUPREME COURT JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, WHO REBUKED SENATOR KNOX'S BETRAYAL OF THE PEOPLE IN THE NORTHERN SECURITIES CASE

them were to pass your door *each minute, day and night*, it would take *three months* for the entire number to go by."

There is a real problem for real "constructive statesmanship"! And a Senate of and for the people would consider it to the exclusion of all other problems until it was solved. But in a Senate of Knoxes and Elkinses, of Aldriches, Depewes, Baileys, Burtons, Spooners, and Platt's, the only problems that concern the "statesmen" are how to keep the people docile under saddle and curb, and how to maintain the plutocracy in the saddle, hand on the curb-rein.

Admit that it is "muck-raking" to write and publish the records of the Senate, the biographies of the senators as made by themselves. Still, how does the epithet "muck-raker" change the fact of senatorial treason to the people, incessant, flagrant, deliberate? How does it change the fact that the Senate is licensing and protecting the sneak-thieves that pilfer daily, hourly, from your wages, your savings your till, your larder, your coal bin?



LUTE WAS OFF HER HORSE, SHE KNEW NOT HOW, AND TO THE EDGE

(*Planchette*)

Beware Beware Beware Chris Dunbar  
 Intend to destroy you I have already  
 made two attempts upon your life  
 I shall yet succeed so sure am  
 I that I shall succeed that I dare  
 tell you I do not need to tell you why

## Planchette

BY JACK LONDON

*Illustrated by Charles M. Relyea*

**SYNOPSIS:** Chris Dunbar and Lute Story are members of a camping party in the Sonoma Valley, California. The man is in love with the girl, but tells her that he cannot marry her. In spite of her questionings, he refuses to say why, simply repeating that he cannot explain. Chris meets with some extraordinary adventures. One day while he is riding Lute's gentle mare she suddenly bolts, and the young man has a narrow escape from injury. The next day his own horse throws itself backward off the path, down an embankment, and breaks its back. Chris is unhurt. Mrs. Grantly, a woman interested in psychic phenomena, comes to the camp as a visitor. She brings a Planchette board, which the company is eager to try. There is little success until Chris places his hand on it. Instantly comes a message warning him that he is to be killed, and telling him that two attempts have already been made upon his life. The latter statement Chris denies. The handwriting is recognized as that of Lute's father, an army officer, long since dead. To get a further message it is proposed that Lute try the board.

### III

**A**S the mysterious influence seized Lute's hand and sent it writing across the paper, all the unusual passed out of the situation and she was unaware of more than a feeble curiosity. For she was intent on another visioning—this time of her mother, who was also unremembered in the flesh—not sharp and vivid like that of her father, but dim and nebulous as the picture she shaped of her mother—a saint's head in an aureole of sweetness and good-

ness and meekness, and, withal, shot through with a hint of reposeful determination of will, stubborn and unobtrusive, that in life had expressed itself mainly in resignation.

Lute's hand had ceased moving and Mrs. Grantly was already reading the message that had been written.

"It is a different handwriting," she said, "a woman's hand. 'Martha,' it is signed. Who is Martha?"

Lute was not surprised. "It is my mother," she said simply. "What does she say?"

She had not been made sleepy, as Chris had; but the keen edge of her vitality had

been blunted, and she was experiencing a sweet and pleasing lassitude. And while the message was being read, in her eyes persisted the vision of her mother.

"*'Dear child,' Mrs. Grantly read, 'do not mind him. He was ever quick of speech and rash. Be no niggard with your love. Love cannot hurt you. To deny love is to sin. Obey your heart and you can do no wrong. Obey worldly considerations, obey pride, obey those that prompt you against your heart's prompting, and you do sin. Do not mind your father. He is angry now, as was his way to be in the earth-life; but he will come to see the wisdom of my counsel, for this, too, was his way in the earth-life. Love, my child, and love well.—Martha.'*"

"Let me see it," Lute cried, seizing the paper and devouring the handwriting with her eyes. She was thrilling with unexpressed love for the mother she had never seen, and this written speech from the grave seemed to give more tangibility to her having ever existed than did the vision of her.

"This is remarkable," Mrs. Grantly was reiterating. "There was never anything like it. Think of it, my dear, both your father and mother here with us to-night."

Lute shivered. The lassitude was gone, and she was her natural self again, vibrant with the instinctive fear of the things unseen. And it was offensive to her mind that, real or illusive, the presence or the memoried existence of her father and mother should be touched by these two people who were practically strangers—Mrs. Grantly, unhealthy and morbid, and Mr. Barton, stolid and stupid with a grossness both of the flesh and the spirit. And it further seemed a trespass that these strangers should thus enter into the intimacy between her and Chris.

She could hear the steps of her uncle approaching, and the situation flashed upon her, luminous and clear. She hurriedly folded the sheet of paper and thrust it into her bosom.

"Don't say anything to him about this second message, Mrs. Grantly, please, and Mr. Barton; nor to Aunt Mildred. It will only cause them irritation and needless anxiety."

In her mind there was also the desire to protect her lover, for she knew that the strain of his present standing with her aunt

and uncle would be added to, unconsciously in their minds, by the weird message of Planchette.

"And please don't let us have any more Planchette," Lute continued hastily. "Let us forget all the nonsense that has occurred."

"Nonsense, my dear child?" Mrs. Grantly was indignantly protesting when Uncle Robert strode into the circle.

"Hello!" he demanded; "what's being done?"

"Too late," Lute answered lightly. "No more stock quotations for you. Planchette is adjourned, and we're just winding up the discussion of the theory of it. Do you know how late it is?"

"Well, what did you do last night after we left?"

"Oh, took a stroll," Chris answered.

Lute's eyes were quizzical as she asked with a tentativeness that was palpably assumed, "With—a—with Mr. Barton?"

"Why, yes."

"And a smoke?"

"Yes; and now what's it all about?"

Lute broke into merry laughter. "Just as I told you that you would do. Am I not a prophet? But I knew before I saw you that my forecast had come true. I have just left Mr. Barton, and I knew he had walked with you last night, for he is vowing by all his fetiches and idols that you are a perfectly splendid young man. I could see it with my eyes shut. The Chris-Dunbar glamour has fallen upon him. But I have not finished the catechism, by any means. Where have you been all morning?"

"Where I am going to take you this afternoon."

"You plan well without knowing my wishes."

"I knew well what your wishes are. It is to see a horse I have found."

Her voice betrayed her delight as she cried, "Oh, good!"

"He is a beauty," Chris said.

But her face had suddenly gone grave, and apprehension brooded in her eyes.

"He's called 'Comanche,'" Chris went on. "A beauty, a regular beauty, the perfect type of the Californian cow-pony. And his lines—why, what's the matter?"

"Don't let us ride any more," Lute said, "at least for a while. Really, I think I am a tiny bit tired of it, too."

He was looking at her in astonishment, and she was bravely meeting his eyes.

"I see a hearse and flowers for you, and a funeral oration; I see the end of the world, and the stars falling out of the sky, and the heavens rolling up as a scroll; I see the living and the dead gathered together for the final judgment, the sheep and the goats, the lambs and the rams and all the rest of it, the white-robed saints, the sound of golden harps, and the lost souls howling as they fall into the pit—all this I see on the day that you, Lute Story, no longer care to ride a horse—a horse, Lute! a horse!"

"For a while, at least," she pleaded.

"Ridiculous!" he cried. "What's the matter? Aren't you well?—you who are always so abominably and adorably well?"

"No, it's not that," she answered. "I know it is ridiculous, Chris, I know it, but the doubt will arise. I cannot help it. You always say I am so sanely rooted to the earth and reality and all that, but—perhaps it's superstition, I don't know—but the whole occurrence, the messages of Planchette, the possibility of my father's hand, I know not how, reaching out to Ban's rein and hurling him and you to death, the correspondence between my father's statement that he has twice attempted your life and the fact that in the last two days your life has twice been endangered by horses—my father was a great horseman—all this, I say, causes the doubt to arise in my mind. What if there be something in it? I am not so sure. Science may be too dogmatic in its denial of the unseen. The forces of the unseen, of the spirit, may well be too subtle, too sublimated, for science to lay hold of and recognize and formulate. Don't you see, Chris, that there is rationality in the very doubt? It may be a very small doubt—oh, so small—but I love you too much to run even that slight risk. Besides, I am a woman, and that should in itself fully account for my predisposition toward superstition.

"Yes, yes, I know, call it unreality. But I've heard you paradoxing upon the reality of the unreal—the reality of delusion to the mind that is sick. And so with me, if you will, it is delusive and unreal; but to me, constituted as I am, it is very real—is real as a nightmare is real, before one awakes."

"The most logical argument for illogic I have ever heard," Chris smiled. "It is

a good gaming proposition, at any rate. You manage to embrace more chances in your philosophy than I do in mine. It reminds me of Sam—the gardener you had a couple of years ago. I overheard him and Martin arguing in the stable. You know what a bigoted atheist Martin is. Well, Martin had deluged Sam with floods of logic. Sam pondered a while, and then he said, 'Foh a fack, Mis' Martin, you jis' tawk like a house afire; but you ain't got de show I has.' 'How's that?' Martin asked. 'Well, you see, Mis' Martin, you has one chance to mah two.' 'I don't see it,' Martin said. 'Mis' Martin, it's dis way. You has jis' de chance, lak you say, to become worms foh de fruitification of de cabbage garden. But I's got de chance to lif' mah voice to de glory of de Lawd as I go paddin' dem golden streets—along 'ith de chance to be jis' worms along 'ith you, Mis' Martin.'"

"You refuse to take me seriously," Lute said, when she had laughed her appreciation.

"How can I take that Planchette rigmarole seriously?" he asked.

"You don't explain it—the handwriting of my father which Uncle Robert recognized—oh, the whole thing, you don't explain it."

"I don't know all the mysteries of mind," Chris answered; "but I believe such phenomena will all yield themselves to scientific explanation in the not distant future."

"Just the same, I have a sneaking desire to find out some more from Planchette," Lute confessed. "The board is still down in the dining-room. We could try it now, you and I, and no one would know."

Chris caught her hand, crying, "Come on! It will be a lark."

Hand in hand they ran down the path to the tree-pillared room.

"The camp is deserted," Lute said, as she placed Planchette on the table. "Mrs. Grantly and Aunt Mildred are lying down, and Mr. Barton has gone off with Uncle Robert. There is nobody to disturb us." She placed her hand on the board. "Now begin."

For a few minutes nothing happened. Chris started to speak, but she hushed him to silence. The preliminary twitchings had appeared in her hand and arm. Then the pencil began to write. They read the message, word by word, as it was written:

*"There is wisdom greater than the wisdom of reason. Love proceeds not out of the dry-as-dust way of the mind. Love is of the heart, and is beyond all reason, and logic, and philosophy. Trust your own heart, my daughter. And if your heart bids you have faith in your lover, then laugh at the mind and its cold wisdom, and obey your heart, and have faith in your lover.—Martha."*

"But that whole message is the dictate of your own heart," Chris cried. "Don't you see, Lute? The thought is your very own, and your subconscious mind has expressed it there on the paper."

"But there is one thing I don't see," she objected.

"And that?"

"Is the handwriting. Look at it; it does not resemble mine at all. It is mincing, it is old-fashioned, it is the old-fashioned feminine of a generation ago."

"But you don't mean to tell me that you really believe that this is a message from the dead?" he interrupted.

"I don't know, Chris," she wavered; "I am sure I don't know."

"It is absurd!" he cried. "These are cobwebs of fancy. When one dies he is dead; he is dust. He goes to the worms, as Martin says. The dead? I laugh at the dead. They do not exist. They are not. I defy the powers of the grave, the men dead and dust and gone!"

"And what have you to say to that?" he challenged, placing his hand on Planchette.

On the instant his hand began to write. Both were startled by the suddenness of it. The message was brief:

*"Beware! Beware! Beware!"*

He was distinctly sobered, but he laughed. "It is like a miracle play. Death we have, speaking to us from the grave. But Good Deeds, where art thou? and Kindred? and Joy? and Household Goods? and Friendship? and all the goodly company?"

But Lute did not share his bravado. Her fright showed itself in her face as she laid her trembling hand on his arm.

"Oh, Chris, let us stop. I am sorry we began it. Let us leave the quiet dead to their rest. It is wrong, it must be wrong. I confess I am affected by it. I cannot help it. As my body is trembling, so is my soul. This speech of the grave, this dead man reaching out from the mold of a generation to protect me from you—there is reason in

it! There is the living mystery that prevents you from marrying me. Were my father alive he would protect me from you. Dead, he still strives to protect me. His hands, his ghostly hands, are against your life!"

"Do be calm," Chris said soothingly. "Listen to me. It is all a lark. We are playing with the subjective forces of our own being, with phenomena which science has not yet explained, that is all. Psychology is so young a science! The subconscious mind has just been discovered, one might say. It is all mystery as yet; the laws of it are yet to be formulated. This is simply unexplained phenomena. But that is no reason why we should immediately account for it by labeling it spiritualism. As yet we do not know, that is all. As for Planchette——"

He abruptly ceased, for at that moment, to enforce his remark, he had placed his hand on Planchette, and at that moment his hand had been seized, as by a paroxysm, and sent dashing, willy nilly, across the paper, writing as the hand of an angry person would write.

"No, I don't care for any more of it," Lute said, when the message was completed. "It is like witnessing a fight between you and my father in the flesh. There is in it the savor of struggle and blows."

She pointed out a sentence that read, *"You cannot escape me nor the just punishment that is yours."*

"Perhaps I visualize too vividly for my own comfort, for I can see his hands at your throat. I know that he is, as you say, dead and dust. But for all that I see him as a man that is alive and walks the earth; I see the anger in his face, the anger and the vengeance, and I see it all directed against you."

She crumpled up the sheets of paper, and put Planchette away.

"We won't bother with it any more," Chris said. "I didn't think it would affect you so strongly. But it's all subjective, I'm sure, with possibly a bit of suggestion thrown in—that and nothing more. And the whole strain of our situation has made conditions unusually favorable for striking phenomena."

"And about our situation," Lute said, as they went slowly up the path they had run down; "what we are to do, I don't know. Are we to go on, as we have gone



on? What is best? Have you thought of anything?"

He debated for a few steps. "I have thought of telling your uncle and aunt."

"What you couldn't tell me?" she asked quickly.

"No," he answered slowly; "but just as much as I have told you. I have no right to tell them more than I have told you."

This time it was she that debated. "No, don't tell them," she said finally; "they wouldn't understand. I don't understand, for that matter, but I have faith in you, and in the nature of things they are not capable of the same implicit faith. You raise up before me a mystery that prevents our marriage, and I believe you; but they could not believe you without doubts arising as to the wrong and ill nature of the mystery. Besides, it would but make their anxieties greater."

"I should go away, I know I should go away," he said, half under his breath. "And I can. I am no weakling. Because I have failed to remain away once is no proof that I shall fail again."

She caught her breath with a quick gasp. "It is like a bereavement to hear you speak of going away and remaining away. I should never see you again. It is too terrible. And do not reproach yourself for weakness. It is I who am to blame. It is I who prevented you from remaining away before, I know. I wanted you so, I want you so."

"There is nothing to be done, Chris, nothing to be done but to go on with it and— and let it work itself out somehow. That is one thing we are sure of: it will work out somehow."

"But it would be easier if I went away," he suggested.

"I am happier when you are here."

"The cruelty of circumstance," he muttered savagely.

"Go or stay—that will be part of the working out. But I do not want you to go, Chris; you know that. And now no more about it. Talk cannot mend it. Let us never mention it again unless—unless some time, some wonderful happy time, you can come to me and say: 'Lute, all is well with me. The mystery no longer binds me. I am free.' Until that time let us bury it, along with Planchette and all the rest, and make the most of the little that is given us."

"And now, to show you how prepared I am to make the most of that little, I am even ready to go with you this afternoon to see the horse—though I wish you wouldn't ride any more, for a few days, anyway, or for a week. What did you say is his name?"

"Comanche," he answered. "I know you will like him."

Chris lay on his back, his head propped by the bare jutting wall of stone, his gaze attentively directed across the canyon to the opposing, tree-covered slope. There was a sound of crashing through underbrush, the ringing of steel-shod hoofs on stone, and an occasional and mossy descent of a dislodged boulder that bounded from the hill and fetched up with a final splash in the torrent that rushed over a wild chaos of rocks beneath him. Now and again he caught glimpses, framed in green foliage, of the golden-brown of Lute's corduroy riding-habit and of the bay horse which moved beneath her.

She rode out into an open space where a loose earth-slide denied lodgment to trees and grass. She halted the horse at the brink of the slide, and glanced down at it with a measuring eye. Forty feet beneath, the slide terminated in a small, firm-surfaced terrace, the banked accumulation of fallen earth and gravel.

"It's a good test," she called across the canyon. "I'm going to put him down it."

The animal gingerly launched himself on the treacherous footing, irregularly losing and gaining his hind feet, keeping his fore legs stiff, and steadily and calmly, without panic or nervousness, extricating the fore feet as fast as they sank too deeply into the sliding earth that surged along in a wave before him. When the firm footing at the bottom was reached, he strode out on the little terrace with a quickness and springiness of gait and with glintings of muscular fires that gave the lie to the calm deliberation of his movements on the slide.

"Bravo!" Chris shouted across the canyon, clapping his hands.

"The wisest-footed, clearest-headed horse I ever saw," Lute called back, as she turned the animal to the side and dropped down a broken slope of rubble into the trees again.

Chris followed her by the sound of her progress, and by occasional glimpses where the foliage was more open, as she

zigzagged down the steep and trailless descent. She emerged below him at the rugged rim of the torrent, dropped the horse down a three-foot wall, and halted to study the crossing.

Four feet out in the stream, a narrow ledge thrust above the surface of the water. Beyond the ledge boiled an angry pool. But to the left from the ledge, and several feet lower, was a tiny bed of gravel. A giant boulder prevented direct access to the gravel bed. The only way to gain it was by first leaping to the ledge of rock. She studied it carefully, and the tightening of her bridle arm advertised that she had made up her mind.

Chris, in his anxiety, had sat up to observe more closely what she meditated.

"Don't tackle it," he called.

"I have faith in Comanche," she replied.

"He can't make that side jump to the gravel," Chris warned. "He'll never keep his legs; he'll topple over into the pool. Only one horse in a thousand could do that stunt."

"And Comanche is that very horse," she called back. "Watch him."

She gave the animal his own head, and he leaped cleanly and accurately to the ledge, striking with feet close together on the narrow space. On the instant he struck, Lute lightly touched his neck with the rein, impelling him to the left; and in that instant, tottering on the insecure footing, with front feet slipping over into the pool beyond, he lifted on his hind legs, with a half turn, sprang to the left, and dropped squarely down to the tiny gravel bed. An easy jump brought him across the stream, and Lute angled him up the bank and halted before her lover.

"Well?" she asked.

"I am all tense," Chris answered. "I was holding my breath."

"Buy him by all means," Lute said, dismounting. "He is a bargain. I could dare anything on him. I never in my life had such confidence in a horse's feet."

"His owner says that he has never been known to lose his feet, that it is impossible to get him down."

"Buy him, buy him at once," she counseled, "before the man changes his mind. If you don't, I shall. Oh, such feet! I feel such confidence in them that when I am on him I don't consider he has feet at all. And he's quick as a cat, and instantly obe-

dient. Bridle-wise is no name for it! You could guide him with silken threads. Oh, I know I'm enthusiastic, but if you don't buy him, Chris, I shall. Remember, I've second refusal."

Chris smiled agreement as he changed the saddles. Meanwhile she compared the two horses.

"Of course he doesn't match Dolly the way Ban did," she concluded regretfully; "but his coat is splendid just the same. And think of the horse that is under the coat."

Chris gave her a hand into the saddle, and followed her up the slope to the county road. She reined in suddenly, saying,

"We won't go straight back to camp."

"You forget dinner," he warned.

"But I remember Comanche," she retorted. "We'll ride directly over to the ranch and buy him. Dinner will keep."

"But the cook won't," Chris laughed. "She's already threatened to leave, what of our late-comings."

"Even so," was the answer. "Aunt Mildred may have to get another cook, but at any rate we shall have got Comanche."

They turned the horses in the other direction, and took the climb of the Nun Canyon road that led over the divide and down into the Napa Valley. But the climb was hard, the going was slow. Sometimes they topped the bed of the torrent by hundreds of feet, and again they dipped down and crossed and recrossed it twenty times in twice as many rods. They rode through the deep shade of clean-trunked maples and towering redwoods, to emerge on open stretches of mountain shoulder where the earth lay dry and cracked under the sun.

On one such shoulder they emerged, where the road stretched level before them for a quarter of a mile. On one side rose the huge bulk of the mountain. On the other side the steep wall of the canyon fell away in impossible slopes and sheer drops to the torrent at the bottom. It was an abyss of green beauty and shady depths, pierced by vagrant shafts of the sun and mottled here and there by the sun's broader blazes. The sound of rushing water ascended on the windless air, and there was a hum of mountain bees.

The horses broke into an easy lope. Chris rode on the outside, looking down into the great depths and reassuring with his eyes in what he saw. Disassociating it-

self from the murmur of the bees, a murmur arose of falling water. It grew louder with every stride of the horses.

"Look!" he cried.

Lute leaned well out from her horse to see. Beneath them the water slid foaming down a smooth-faced rock to the lip, whence it leaped clear—a pulsating ribbon of white, a-breath with movement, ever falling and ever remaining, changing its substance but never its form, an aerial waterway as immaterial as gauze and as permanent as the hills, that spanned space and the free air from the lip of the rock to the tops of the trees far below, into whose green screen it disappeared to fall into a secret and unseen pool.

They had flashed past. The descending water became a distant murmur that merged again into the murmur of the bees and ceased. Swayed by a common impulse, they looked at each other.

"Oh, Chris, it is good to be alive—and to have you here by my side!"

He answered her by the warm light in his eyes.

All things tended to key them to an exquisite pitch—the movement of their bodies, at one with the moving bodies of the animals beneath them; the gently stimulated blood, caressing the flesh through and through with the soft vigors of health; the warm air fanning their faces, flowing over the skin with balmy and tonic touch, permeating them and bathing them subtly, with faint, sensuous delight; and the beauty of the world, more subtly still, flowing upon them and bathing them in the delight that is of the spirit and is personal and holy, that is inexpressible, yet communicable by the flash of an eye and the dissolving of the veils of the soul.

So looked they at each other, the horses bounding beneath them, the spring of the world and the spring of their youth astir in their blood, the secret of being trembling in their eyes to the brink of disclosure, as if about to dispel, with one magic word, all the unrealities and riddles of existence.

The road curved before them, so that the upper reaches of the canyon could be seen, the distant bed of it towering high above their heads. They were rounding the curve, leaning toward the inside, gazing before them at the swift-growing picture. There was no sound of warning. Lute heard nothing, but even before the horse went down, she experienced a feeling that

the unison of the two leaping animals was broken. She turned her head, and so quickly that she saw Comanche fall. It was not a stumble nor a trip. He fell as though abruptly, in mid-leap, he had died or been struck a stunning blow.

And in that moment she remembered Planchette; it seared her brain as a lightning flash of all-embracing memory. Her horse was back on its haunches, the weight of her body on the reins; but her head was turned and her eyes were on the falling Comanche. He struck the roadbed squarely, with his legs loose and lifeless beneath him.

It all occurred in one of those age-long seconds that embrace an eternity of happening. There was a slight but perceptible rebound from the impact of Comanche's body with the earth. The violence with which he struck forced the air from his great lungs in an audible groan. His momentum swept him onward and over the edge. The weight of the rider on his neck turned him over head first as he pitched to the fall.

Lute was off her horse, she knew not how, and to the edge. Her lover was out of the saddle and clear of Comanche, though held to the animal by his right foot, which was caught in the stirrup. The slope was too steep for them to come to a stop. Earth and small stones, dislodged by their struggles, were rolling down with them and before them in a miniature avalanche. She stood very quietly, holding one hand against her breast and gazing down. But while she saw the real happening, in her eyes was also the vision of her father dealing the spectral blow that had smashed Comanche down in mid-leap and sent horse and rider hurtling over the edge.

Beneath horse and man the steep terminated in an up-and-down wall, from the base of which, in turn, a second slope ran down to a second wall. A third slope terminated in a final wall that based itself on the canyon bed four hundred feet beneath the point where the girl stood and watched. She could see Chris vainly kicking his leg to free the foot from the trap of the stirrup. Comanche fetched up hard against an out-jetting point of rock. For a fraction of a second his fall was stopped, and in that slight interval the man managed to grip hold of a young shoot of manzanita. Lute saw him complete the grip with his other hand. Then Comanche's fall began again. She

saw the stirrup strap draw taut, then her lover's body and arms. The manzanita shoot yielded its roots, and horse and man plunged over the edge and out of sight.

They came into view on the next slope, together and rolling over and over, with sometimes the man under and sometimes the horse. Chris no longer struggled, and together they dashed over to the third slope. Near the edge of the final wall, Comanche lodged on a hummock of stone. He lay quietly, and near him, still attached to him by the stirrup, face downward, lay his rider.

"If only he will lie quietly," Lute breathed aloud, her mind at work on the means of rescue.

But she saw Comanche begin to struggle again and, clear on her vision, it seemed, was the spectral arm of her father clutching the reins and dragging the animal over. Comanche floundered across the hummock, the inert body following, and together,

horse and man, they plunged from sight. They did not appear again; they had fetched bottom.

Lute looked about her. She stood alone on the world—her lover was gone. There was naught to show of his existence, save the marks of Comanche's hoofs on the road and of his body where it had slid over the brink.

"Chris!" she called once, and twice; but she called hopelessly.

Out of the depths, on the windless air, arose only the murmur of bees and of running water.

"Chris!" she called yet a third time, and sank slowly down in the dust of the road.

She felt the touch of Dolly's muzzle on her arm, and she leaned her head against the mare's neck and waited. She knew not why she waited, nor for what, only there seemed nothing else but waiting left for her to do.

(The End.)

## Revelation

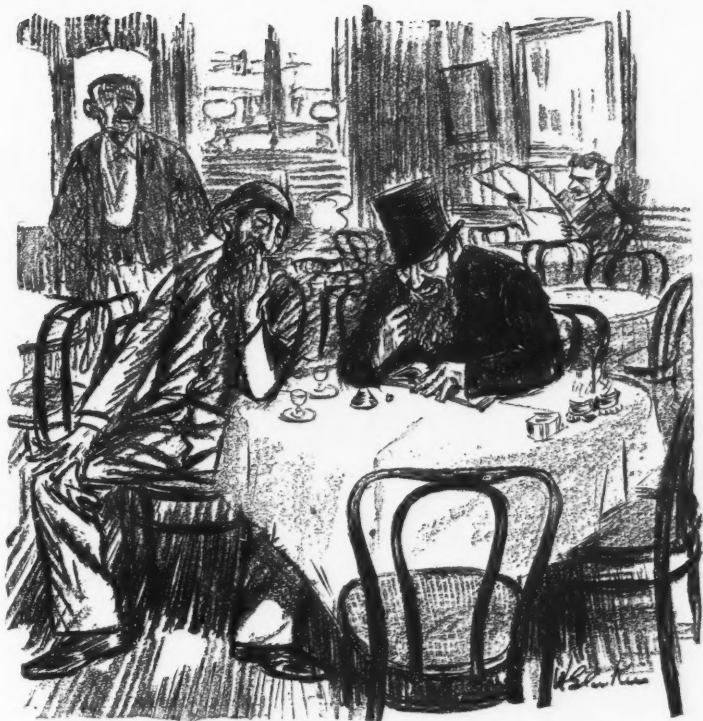
BY CHARLOTTE BECKER

Till Poverty knocked at his door,  
He never knew how bare  
The uneventful days of those  
Who have but want and care.

Till Sorrow lingered at his hearth,  
He never knew the night  
Through which all troubled souls must fare,  
To gain the morning light.

Till Suffering had sought his house,  
He never knew what dread  
May wrestle with, nor what grim fears  
Of agony are bred.

And yet, till these unbidden guests  
Had taught him to possess  
A clearer sight, he never knew  
The heights of happiness.



"ZALINSKI, I WANT TO SHOW YOU DOT I CAN BE GRATEFUL"

## Ingratitude of Mister Rosenfeld

A Tale of the New York Ghetto

BY BRUNO LESSING

*Illustrated by W. Glackens*

**T**HE gypsies in Schwartz's café were playing "Repülj feckém ablakára," which is the greatest of all Hungarian songs. In English it means, "Fly, oh, Swallow! to her window!" It has nothing whatever to do with Zalinski's tale of woe—it just happened that the gypsies were playing it. Moreover, it is one of those characteristic Hungarian songs that

begin in a tearful andante doloroso which wails through all the long list of Magyar woes and winds up in the allegro furioso of a czardas. Zalinski's lament ran more in the reverse direction, beginning with a brick that was thrown vivace fortissimo, and growing more and more andantino and doloroso and lachrimoso toward the close.

Zalinski wore a derby hat pulled down over his ears; sometimes he stroked his long, gray beard, but most of the time he

held his hands in front of him with the palms upward. It seemed to relieve him.

And he went on to say:

"Comes a loafer out uf der doorway mit a brick in his hand unt raises der brick to gif me vun in der head mit it, unt den he says, 'Excoos me, I t'ought you vas Rosenfeld!' 'Me?' I said. 'You t'ought I vas Rosenfeld? My gracious!' I said. 'I vish I t'ought I vas Rosenfeld.' 'All right,' he says. 'You look like him. Pass away!' So I passed away, unt while I vas passing I t'ought to myself, 'My gracious! Wouldn't it be nice if I vas Rosenfeld unt Rosenfeld vas me! My! My!' Rosenfeld is so rich he can't sleep, unt I am so poor—my! my! A t'ousand dollars in der bank I had—not a cent more—not a cent more—but Rosenfeld had twenty tenement-houses in his wife's name. But stingy! Stingy iss no name for it! Efry time he spends ten cents he looks ten years older.

"Unt den, vot did I do but bump right into Rosenfeld? Unt havin' a noble heart I says to him, 'Rosenfeld,' I says, 'don't go down der street. Dere iss a loafer in der hall-way mit a brick in his hands, unt ven you come you get it.' 'Zalinski,' he says, 'you haf safed my life! I vill shake hands mit you. Did der loafer haf a long black whisker?' 'Yes. Dot vas der same.' 'Zalinski,' he says, 'do me a favor. Go back unt tell him not to t'row der brick ven I come. I vill pay him his bill.' Like a fool I vent back. But before I could open my mouth der loafer jumped der hall-way out unt hit me vun mit der brick unt ran away like a reg'lar gymnasium. My! Vot a hit I got! Right in der stomach so I didn't haf no air unt sat down on der sidevalk unt couldn't speak. Up comes Rosenfeld. 'Did you tell him vot I said?' he asks. 'No,' I says. 'I didn't haf time. He vas too quick for me, unt he t'ought I vas you unt hit me vun.' Den Rosenfeld he t'inks der matter over for a minute, unt he shakes his head unt says, 'Maybe it iss better so!' Unt he walks off."

Zalinski picked up a corner of the tablecloth and wiped away a tear at the memory of that heartrending moment. I sympathized with him, and invited him to take another glass of slivovitz—a wonderful help to the proper narration of a man's private affairs (after a certain quantity, he ceases to have any) and Zalinski, stroking his long beard with one hand while he frantically

sawed the air with the other, went on with his tale of woe.

"Ven der doctor said I could eat again, unt I could stand on my feet mitout a pain in der stomach, I wrote a letter to Rosenfeld unt told him how glad I vas dot I had safed his life. Unt he wrote back dot he vas glad, too. Say! I expected dot he would send a check for a t'ousand dollars. Did you efer hear uf such a stinginess? Twenty tenement-houses, all in der name of his wife, unt a bank account in efry bank on der East Side. So I wrote him vunce more a letter unt says dot my doctor's bill vas fourteen dollars—dot loafer gafe me a awful hit—unt I also says I vas glad dot der accident didn't happen to him. Unt vot do you t'ink he wrote back? He asked me vot vas der name uf der doctor? He vas lookin' for a cheap doctor unt he t'ought mine vas very genteel in his prices!

"Say! Ven I vas able to go in der street out, I looked all ofer der East Side to find dot loafer. Vot did I vant mit him? I wanted to show him vare Rosenfeld lifed, unt I wanted to get him some bricks. My! My! Ven I got dot second letter from Rosenfeld I felt somet'ing break inside uf my heart, unt I svore to myself, 'Zalinski, be revenged!' But der next day I vas sorry. Yes, it iss der honest truth—I vas really sorry. Just t'ink vot a snake in der grass dot Rosenfeld must be ven I had such a terrible revenge on, to make me feel sorry. Unt der vay it happened vas like dis."

Zalinski raised another corner of the tablecloth to wipe the perspiration from his brow. A waiter came up, raised the empty glass, and stood in an expectant attitude. I nodded to him and he brought another slivovitz. Zalinski swallowed it at a gulp and smiled faintly. He liked the slivovitz. Then he sighed. A man with a burden of woe had no right to enjoy slivovitz. Then he pressed the tips of his fingers against his breast.

"I vas sitting here—right by dis table. I vas lonesome. I vas mad. I had a terrible revenge on. Unt who comes in but Rosenfeld. 'Ah, Zalinski,' he says—just like dot—'Ah, Zalinski, I am glad to see you out uf der hospital again. I vant to t'ank you for vot you done for me.' I gafe him a icy look. 'Mister Rosenfeld,' I says, 'I did not done much. I only safed your life.' He gafe a smile. Such a sassy kind of smile! 'I do not t'ink much uf my life,' he says. 'Busi-



ness iss not good unt I just as lief die as not.' Den he t'inks a long time unt he says: 'Anyvay, Zalinski, you didn't done it on purpose. It vas a accident.' 'A accident?' I says, mad as—as a damn—'a accident? Vas it a accident dot I done you a favor unt vent back to tell dot loafer a message from you?

feld,' I says. 'No. I don't blame you. I should really do somet'ing for you.' He shut his eyes tight unt took a long, long t'ink ofer der matter unt I says very soft—I didn't vant to disturb his gratitude—'Vould you mind, Mister Rosenfeld, to take a drink mit me?' He took it all right.



HIS ARMS WERE OUTSTRETCHED UPON THE TABLE WITH THE PALMS UPWARD

Vas dot a accident ven you asked me please for to do it? Vot? Vas dot brick a accident? Vas my doctor's bill a accident?' Den der snake in der grass said, 'Zalinski, I t'ink you are right unt I haf not been grateful enough.' Sa-a-ay! My heart began right away to get nice unt varm! 'I hope I haf not hurted your feelings, Mister Rosen-

"Dot Rosenfeld takes efry'ting vot he can get for nut'ing. Der drinks cost me twenty cents, unt ven I see vot a sweet smile came into Rosenfeld's face ven der drink got into his stomach unt how kind-hearted he looked, I says to myself, quick, 'Here iss der chance to make him a gentleman,' unt right away I ordered some more drinks. Ven he had

svallered der second drink Rosenfeld took from his pocket out six different check-books from six different banks unt begins to look at der inside of dem, vun after anudder. My! Didn't I feel good! 'He iss going to unloosen,' I says to myself. 'Dear, old Rosenfeld!' Den he calls for a pen, unt a ink, unt he tears from der book out a check. Den he writes der date on it unt my name unt his name unt he hands it ofer to me. 'Zalinski,' he says, 'I vant to show you dot I can be grateful. You done me a favor. A brick vot might haf hit me in der head, hitted you in der stomach instead. How much it iss worth I don't know. It would not be a gratefulness if I fixed a price on der kindness you haf done me. Better iss it to leave it to your modesty. You know der best vot it iss wurth. You got der brick, not me. Here iss a check on der Rivington Street Bank vare I haf a little money. Fill in der amount to suit yourself. But, of course, Zalinski, if you make it too high unt dere iss not enough money in der bank-account to pay it, den you lose it. Good day, Mr. Zalinski.'

"Now, vot you t'ink uf dot?"

Zalinski had thrown himself forward; his arms were outstretched upon the table with the palms upward. His large, brown eyes, half filled with tears, were fastened upon mine. He had laid the matter before me, and I was expected to pass judgment upon it. I could only shake my head. The depravity of Mister Rosenfeld was too vast, too deep, for words. So I ordered another slivovitz, and Zalinski seemed to feel my sympathy.

"I see by your face dot you know just how I felt ven I had dot check in my hand. Vasn't it terrible? I ran to der door up unt I called out, 'Say, Mister Rosenfeld, you didn't tell me how much money dere iss in der bank-account.' But he only looked around mit his sassy smile unt says, 'Dot iss for me to know unt for you to find out.' Vot could I do? If I make out der check for too much I don't get not'ing. If I make it out for too little I don't get enough. How could I tell? Vot should I do? I would not gif five cents for his life, but I didn't haf no idea how much he t'ought his life vas worth. A hunt'erd dollars, five hunt'erd, a t'ousand—how did I know?"

The whole agony of that awful moment seemed to come back to Zalinski, and the perspiration stood in beads upon his forehead.

"I vent to der bank. Der clerk iss a acquaintance of mine. I showed him der check unt I asks, 'Iss it good?' He looks at it unt says, 'Dot depends upon how much.' 'How much hass he got?' I asks. 'I dassen't tell,' he says; 'it iss against der rules.' I vinked at him unt I says it would be all right, but he wouldn't do it. So I came back here unt commenced to t'ink it all ofer. Vunce I vas just going to write in vun hunt'erd dollars, but I says to myself, 'Bah! It iss too cheap. S'posin' he got five hunt'erd dollars in der account. Den I would be four hunt'erd dollars out.'

"Comes in Sammis vot keeps der dry-goods store on Hester Street, unt I tells him der whole story. Den he gifs me a idea. Sa-a-ay! Dot Sammis iss a smart feller. Such ideas as he got in his head! Vot do you t'ink he said? You gif it up? He says, 'Zalinski, if you gif me ten dollars, I tell you a easy vay to get out efry cent vot Rosenfeld got in der bank.' I gafe him a look in der eye unt says to him, 'Sammis, if you can convince me uf der goodness uf der idea I gif you der ten dollars on der spot cash.' Unt I showed him der money. He looks at it careful to make sure it ain't a counterfeit, unt den he makes me swear on der Torah dot if I liked der idea I would gif him der ten dollars before I left der place. Sure I would. 'Of course,' I says to him, 'I don't haf to like der idea, do I?' Unt he agreed dot dot vas fair, unt he would leave it to my honor. So he says to me, 'Zalinski,' he says, 'how much money haf you got in der bank vare you can lay your hands on it?' Unt I told him, 'Mitout countin' dis check uf Rosenfeld I haf vun t'ousand dollars in der bank.' 'Good,' he says. 'Now, Zalinski, you make out dot check for just vun t'ousand dollars, take it to der Rivington Street Bank yourself, unt ask dem to pay it.' 'Vun t'ousand dollars?' I says. 'Are you crazy? Do you t'ink Rosenfeld iss takin' such a big chance mit me? If he hass t'ousand dollars in dot bank he nefer gif me der check.' 'Vait!' says Sammis. 'Vait till I haf finished. Ven you put der check in, der clerk gifes it back to you unt says, 'Dot check iss no good.' See?' 'Sure,' I says. 'I see dot very clear.' 'Den vot you haf got to do,' says Sammis, 'iss to go to your bank, get vun hunt'erd dollars, come back to Rosenfeld's bank unt make der clerk take der hunt'erd dollars for a deposit for dot Mister Rosenfeld. See?'

Say, I nearly fainted ven he said dot. 'Vot!' I says. 'I should gif vun hunt'erd dollars uf my good money to der account uf Rosenfeld?' 'Sure,' says Sammis, 'but as soon as you haf did it you gif der clerk dot check again unt say to him, "Iss der check good now?"' If it iss, dere you get back your hunt'erd dollars unt also nine hunt'erd dollars vot belong to Rosenfeld.' 'But if it iss not?' 'Den,' he says, 'you must put in vunce again a hunt'erd dollars unt keep dot up until der check iss good. Now do you see it?'

"Say, dot Sammis iss a smarty, ain't he?"

I was seized with a sudden violent fit of coughing which could only be controlled by stuffing a handkerchief into my mouth, but I nodded to Zalinski that it really looked good.

"Vell, I done it!"

Zalinski took a long, deep breath.

"Unt ven I t'ink uf vot happened in der next hour after dot I feel sick unt I choke. I did just vot Sammis said in his idea. I made der check out for vun t'ousand dollars. I gif it to der clerk who iss a acquaintance uf mine. He goes back in der bank by der books unt comes back mit der check. 'It



"SAMMIS VOT KEEPS DER DRY-GOODS STORE ON HESTER STREET"

Der whole idea vas clear to me. 'Dere iss no chance dot I lose, iss it?' I asked him. 'Impossible,' he says. 'If you lose I guarantee to gif it back to you. Der most vot you can put in iss a t'ousand dollars unt ven you haf it all in his account you can get it all back again mit his check, even if he hass not a cent got in der bank.' But I vas sure dot Rosenfeld had somet'ing in dot bank, so I gif Sammis der ten dollars unt I vent to my bank mit a lightness in my heart unt took out a t'ousand dollars. 'Now, Mister Rosenfeld,' I says to myself, mit a laugh, 've vill see who iss der smart joker, you or me.' It looked good, didn't it?"

iss no good,' he says. I gafe him a long look in der eye mit der hope dot I might see by der expression uf his face how much der check vas bad. But his face didn't got no expression. So I gafe him a vink unt I pulls out a hunt'erd dollars unt I says, 'Mister Rosenfeld vishes to add dis hunt'erd dollars to his account.' Der clerk vas qvite astonished, but he took der money unt says, 'V'y certainly.' Den I look him in der eye unt says, 'Here is dot check for a t'ousand dollars again. Iss it good now?' He gafe a shake uf his head vot made me feel faint unt says: 'Not yet. It iss still no good.' So I gif him anudder hunt'erd dollars. 'Now

iss it good?' I says. He shaken his head again, unt I nearly fell on der floor. 'It iss still no good.' I gafe him anudder hunt'erd unt anudder unt anudder, until I had gif him five hunt'erd all togedder, unt ven he shaken his head again unt said dot der check vas still no good I t'ought I vas going to die. 'I am ruined!' I said. 'Half my fortune iss gone already. Oh, take pity on me unt tell me how much more it vill cost before der check iss good!' I looked around der room—dere vas nobody looking—I said, 'I vill gif you five dollars if you vill tell me how much Rosenfeld's account iss.' I vinked at him. But he says he couldn't do it. He was sorry for me, he says, unt den he vinked unt says in a visper: 'Just keep it up. You haf already put in five hunt'erd. Der most dot you vill have to put in iss five hunt'erd more, unt den you get it all back. But you von't haf to put in qvite so much. Rosenfeld really hass a deposit here.'

"Vot happened after dot vas like a dream. I put in vun hunt'erd unt den anudder hunt'erd unt anudder unt I vas so sick dot I could not stand straight. I vas holdin' on by der desk. Unt pretty soon, ven I had nine hunt'erd put in, he gafe me a vink unt says, 'Maybe it's better now if you only put in five dollars mit a time.' Oh, my! I didn't care no longer. 'I can stand it no more,' I says. 'Here. Take dis fifty dollars. I am satisfied to get fifty dollars uf dot loafer's money. Gif me back my nine hunt'

erd unt fifty.' But dot clerk only shaken his head unt says, 'Der check iss not yet good.' Den I got excited! I vent crazy! I slammed all der rest of my money—dere vas only fifty dollars left—down on der desk unt I says to him, 'Help yourself! Take it all! Only gif me back my t'ousand dollars.' Der clerk vas honest. Say, he really vas very honest unt had a big pity for me. He just gafe me a vink unt he took up my money, vun bill at a time, until he had forty-five dollars in his hand unt den he pushes der last five-dollar bill back to me unt says, 'If I vas you I vould hold on to dot.' He took der check back mit der book again unt den he comes out unt says: 'Der check iss now good. How vould you like to haf der cash—in big bills or little bills?' I gafe him a long look vot vent right to his heart. 'Did Mister Rosenfeld,' I asked him, 'only haf five dollars in his bank-account?' 'Dot's all,' he says. Den I says to him: 'Ven you see Mister Rosenfeld again, you tell him mit my compliments dot he iss a loafer vot vould cheat a sick dog. Unt if you ever see a man vot iss going to hit him mit a brick, you take my advice unt get der man anudder brick.' But der clerk looked at me astonished-like unt says: 'Vot's der matter mit you? Ain't you satisfied? Didn't you get five dollars anyway?'

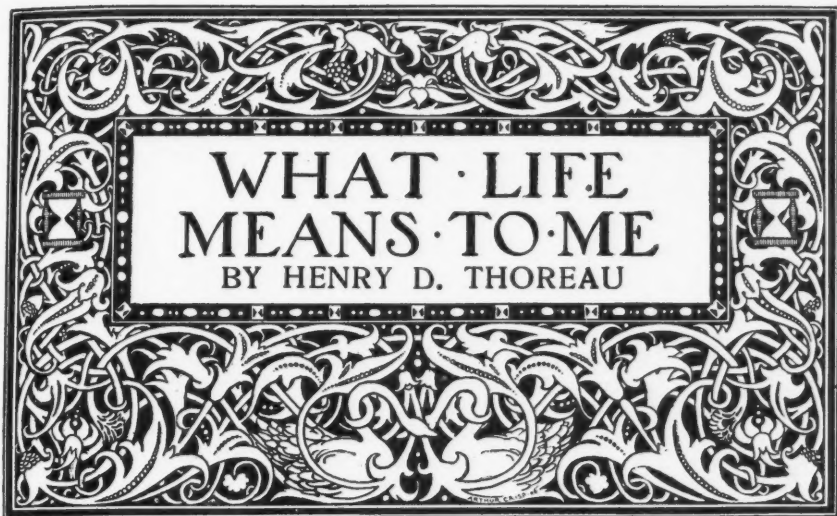
"I gafe him a nasty look. 'Five dollars? V'y,' I said, 'I gafe Sammis ten dollars for der idea!'"



## Just This One Day

BY MADGE MORRIS

WE drifted idly, you and I,  
The world was fair, and blue the sky;  
Upon the sunlit, dimpled stream  
We saw the water-lilies gleam.  
No clasp of hands, no lovers' kiss,  
Yet never was a day like this  
One perfect day of earth and sky—  
Just this one day, and you, and I.



Those who have read the strong and sane contribution of Alex W. Stewart, published in the July Cosmopolitan under the heading, "Advice from New Zealand," must have noted the marked reference to Thoreau's essay on "Life Without Principle." So strongly did Mr. Stewart urge us to print this essay, insisting upon its peculiar adaptability to this age of graft, that we present it here, convinced that our readers will agree with us as to the eminent fitness of its present publication. The essay is reprinted from Thoreau's *Miscellanies* by special permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, the authorized publishers of Thoreau's works.

Speaking to the editor about the proposed publication of this essay, Edwin Markham said: "No greater service could be done the public to-day than the publication of 'Life Without Principle,' in a magazine of such general circulation as yours. I regard the essay as one of the largest and truest utterances of a man whom I rank higher than Emerson."—Editor's Note.

### Life Without Principle

**L**ET us consider the way in which we spend our lives.

This world is a place of business. What an infinite bustle! I am awaked almost every night by the panting of the locomotive. It interrupts my dreams. There is no sabbath. It would be glorious to see mankind at leisure for once. It is nothing but work, work, work. I cannot easily buy a blank-book to write thoughts in; they are commonly ruled for dollars and cents. An Irishman, seeing me making a minute in the fields, took it for granted that I was calculating my wages. If a man was tossed out of a window when an infant, and so made a cripple for life, or scared out of his wits

by the Indians, it is regretted chiefly because he was thus incapacitated for—business! I think that there is nothing, not even crime, more opposed to poetry, to philosophy, aye, to life itself, than this incessant business. If a man walk in the woods for love of them half of each day, he is in danger of being regarded as a loafer; but if he spends his whole day as a speculator, shearing off those woods and making earth bald before her time, he is esteemed an industrious and enterprising citizen. As if a town had no interest in its forests but to cut them down!

Most men would feel insulted if it were proposed to employ them in throwing stones over a wall, and then in throwing them back, merely that they might earn their wages. But many are no more worthily employed now. For instance: Just after sunrise, one



summer morning, I noticed one of my neighbors walking beside his team, which was slowly drawing a heavy hewn stone swung under the axle, surrounded by an atmosphere of industry—his day's work begun, his brow commenced to sweat—a reproach to all sluggards and idlers—pausing abreast the shoulders of his oxen, and half turning round with a flourish of his merciful whip, while they gained their length on him. And I thought, Such is the labor which the American Congress exists to protect—honest, manly toil, honest as the day is long, that makes his bread taste sweet, and keeps society sweet—which all men respect and have consecrated; one of the sacred band, doing needful but irksome drudgery. Indeed, I felt a slight reproach because I observed this from a window, and was not abroad and stirring about a similar business. The day went by, and at evening I passed the yard of another neighbor, who keeps many servants, and spends much money foolishly, while he adds nothing to the common stock; and there I saw the stone of the morning lying beside a whimsical structure intended to adorn this Lord Timothy Dexter's premises, and the dignity forthwith departed from the teamster's labor, in my eyes. In my opinion, the sun was made to light worthier toil than this. I may add that his employer has since run off, in debt to a good part of the town, and, after passing through chancery, has settled somewhere else, there to become once more a patron of the arts.

The ways by which you may get money almost without exception lead downward. To have done anything by which you earned money *merely*, is to have been truly idle or worse. If the laborer gets no more than the wages which his employer pays him, he is cheated, he cheats himself. If you would get money as a writer or lecturer, you must be popular, which is to go down perpendicularly. Those services which the community will most readily pay for, it is most disagreeable to render. You are paid for being something less than a man. The state does not commonly reward a genius any more wisely. Even the poet laureate would rather not have to celebrate the accidents of royalty. He must be bribed with a pipe of wine; and perhaps another poet is called away from his muse to gauge that very pipe. As for my own business, even that kind of surveying which I could do with most

satisfaction my employers do not want. They would prefer that I should work coarsely and not too well, aye, not well enough. When I observe that there are different ways of surveying, my employer commonly asks which will give him the most land, not which is most correct. I once invented a rule for measuring cord-wood, and tried to introduce it in Boston; but the measurer there told me that the sellers did not wish to have their wood measured correctly—that he was already too accurate for them, and therefore they commonly got their wood measured in Charlestown before crossing the bridge.

The aim of the laborer should be, not to get his living, to get "a good job," but to perform well a certain work; and, even in a pecuniary sense, it would be economy for a town to pay its laborers so well that they would not feel that they were working for low ends, as for a livelihood merely, but for scientific, or even moral, ends. Do not hire a man who does your work for money, but him who does it for love of it.

It is remarkable that there are few men so well employed so much to their minds, but that a little money or fame would commonly buy them off from their present pursuit. I see advertisements for *active* young men, as if activity were the whole of a young man's capital. Yet I have been surprised when one has with confidence proposed to me, a grown man, to embark in some enterprise of his, as if I had absolutely nothing to do, my life having been a complete failure hitherto. What a doubtful compliment this to pay me! As if he had met me halfway across the ocean beating up against the wind, but bound nowhere, and proposed to me to go along with him! If I did, what do you think the underwriters would say? No, no! I am not without employment at this stage of the voyage.

The community has no bribe that will tempt a wise man. You may raise money enough to tunnel a mountain, but you cannot raise money enough to hire a man who is minding *his own* business. An efficient and valuable man does what he can, whether the community pay him for it or not. The inefficient offer their inefficiency to the highest bidder, and are forever expecting to be put into office. One would suppose that they were rarely disappointed.

Perhaps I am more than usually jealous with respect to my freedom. I feel that my



connection with and obligation to society are still very slight and transient. Those slight labors which afford me a livelihood, and by which it is allowed that I am to some extent serviceable to my contemporaries, are as yet commonly a pleasure to me, and I am not often reminded that they are a necessity. So far I am successful. But I foresee that if my wants should be much increased, the labor required to supply them would become a drudgery. If I should sell both my forenoons and afternoons to society, as most appear to do, I am sure that for me there would be nothing left worth living for. I trust that I shall never thus sell my birthright for a mess of pottage. I wish to suggest that a man may be very industrious, and yet not spend his time well. There is no more fatal blunderer than he who consumes the greater part of his life getting his living. All great enterprises are self-supporting. The poet, for instance, must sustain his body by his poetry, as a steam planing-mill feeds its boilers with the shavings it makes. You must get your living by loving.

It is remarkable that there is little or nothing to be remembered written on the subject of getting a living—how to make getting a living not merely honest and honorable, but altogether inviting and glorious; for if *getting* a living is not so, then living is not. One would think, from looking at literature, that this question had never disturbed a solitary individual's musings. Is it that men are too much disgusted with their experience to speak of it? The lesson of value which money teaches, which the Author of the Universe has taken so much pains to teach us, we are inclined to skip altogether. As for the means of living, it is wonderful how indifferent men of all classes are about it, even reformers, so called—whether they inherit, or earn, or steal it. I think that society has done nothing for us in this respect, or at least has undone what she has done. Cold and hunger seem more friendly to my nature than those methods which men have adopted and advise to ward them off.

It is remarkable that among all the preachers there are so few moral teachers. The prophets are employed in excusing the ways of men. Most reverend seniors, the *illuminati* of the age, tell me, with a gracious, reminiscent smile, betwixt an aspiration and a shudder, not to be too tender about these

things, to lump all that—that is, to make a lump of gold of it. The highest advice I have heard on these subjects was groveling. The burden of it was: It is not worth your while to undertake to reform the world in this particular. Do not ask how your bread is buttered; it will make you sick, if you do—and the like. A man had better starve at once than lose his innocence in the process of getting his bread. If within the sophisticated man there is not an unsophisticated one, then he is but one of the Devil's angels. As we grow old, we live more coarsely, we relax a little in our disciplines, and, to some extent, cease to obey our finest instincts. But we should be fastidious to the extreme of sanity, disregarding the gibes of those who are more unfortunate than ourselves.

To speak impartially, the best men that I know are not serene, a world in themselves. For the most part, they dwell in forms, and flatter and study effect only more finely than the rest. We select granite for the underpinning of our houses and barns; we build fences of stone; but we do not ourselves rest on an underpinning of granitic truth, the lowest primitive rock. Our sills are rotten. What stuff is the man made of who is not coexistent in our thought with the purest and subtlest truth? I often accuse my finest acquaintances of an immense frivolity; for, while there are manners and compliments we do not meet, we do not teach one another the lessons of honesty and sincerity that the brutes do, or of steadiness and solidity that the rocks do. The fault is commonly mutual, however; for we do not habitually demand any more of each other.

When our life ceases to be inward and private, conversation degenerates into mere gossip. We rarely meet a man who can tell us any news which he has not read in a newspaper, or been told by his neighbor; and, for the most part, the only difference between us and our fellow is that he has seen the newspaper, or been out to tea, and we have not. In proportion as our inward life fails, we go more constantly and desperately to the post-office. You may depend on it, that the poor fellow who walks away with the greatest number of letters, proud of his extensive correspondence, has not heard from himself this long while.

Knowledge does not come to us by details, but in flashes of light from heaven.

Yes, every thought that passes through the mind helps to wear and tear it, and to deepen the ruts, which, as in the streets of Pompeii, evince how much it has been used. How many things there are concerning which we might well deliberate whether we had better know them, had better let their peddling-carts be driven, even at the slowest trot or walk, over that bridge of glorious span by which we trust to pass at last from the farthest brink of time to the nearest shore of eternity! Have we no culture, no refinement?—but skill only to live coarsely and serve the Devil? to acquire a little worldly wealth, or fame, or liberty, and make a false show with it, as if we were all husk and shell, with no tender and living kernel to us? Shall our institutions be like those chestnut-burs which contain abortive nuts, perfect only to prick the fingers? . . .

Do we call this the land of the free? What is it to be free from King George and continue the slaves of King Prejudice? What is it to be born free and not to live free? What is the value of political freedom, but as a means to moral freedom? Is it freedom to be slaves, or a freedom to be free, of which we boast? We are a nation of politicians, concerned about the outmost defenses only of freedom. It is our children's children who may perchance be really free. We tax ourselves unjustly. There is a part of us which is not represented. It is taxation without representation. We quarter troops, we quarter fools and cattle of all sorts upon ourselves. We quarter our gross bodies on our poor souls, till the former eat up all the latter's substance.

With respect to a true culture and manhood, we are essentially provincial still, not metropolitan—mere Jonathans. We are provincial, because we do not find at home our standards; because we do not worship truth, but the reflection of truth; because we are warped and narrowed by an exclusive devotion to trade and commerce and manufactures and agriculture and the like, which are but means, and not the end. . . .

The chief want, in every state that I have been into, was a high and earnest purpose in its inhabitants. This alone draws out "the great resources" of nature, and at last taxes her beyond her resources; for man naturally dies out of her. When we want culture more than potatoes, and illumination more than sugarplums, then the great resources of a world are taxed

and drawn out, and the result, or staple production, is, not slaves, nor operatives, but men—those rare fruits called heroes, saints, poets, philosophers, and redeemers.

In short, as a snowdrift is formed where there is a lull in the wind, so, one would say, where there is a lull of truth, an institution springs up. But the truth blows right on over it, nevertheless, and at length blows it down.

What is called politics is comparatively something so superficial and inhuman, that practically I have never fairly recognized that it concerns me at all. The newspapers, I perceive, devote some of their columns specially to politics or government without charge; and this, one would say, is all that saves it; but as I love literature and to some extent the truth also, I never read those columns at any rate. I do not wish to blunt my sense of right so much. I have not got to answer for having read a single president's message. A strange age of the world this, when empires, kingdoms, and republics come a-begging to a private man's door, and utter their complaints at his elbow!

Those things which now most engage the attention of men, as politics and the daily routine, are, it is true, vital functions of human society, but should be unconsciously performed, like the corresponding functions of the physical body. They are *infra-human*, a kind of vegetation. I sometimes awake to a half-consciousness of them going on about me, as a man may become conscious of some of the processes of digestion in a morbid state, and so have the dyspepsia, as it is called. It is as if a thinker submitted himself to be rasped by the great gizzard of creation. Politics is, as it were, the gizzard of society, full of grit and gravel, and the two political parties are its two opposite halves—sometimes split into quarters, it may be, which grind on one another. Not only individuals, but states, have thus a confirmed dyspepsia, which expresses itself, you can imagine by what sort of eloquence. Thus our life is not altogether a forgetting, but also, alas! to a great extent, a remembering, of that which we should never have been conscious of, certainly not in our waking hours. Why should we not meet, not always as dyspeptics, to tell our bad dreams, but sometimes as *eupetepsics*, to congratulate each other on the ever-glorious morning? I do not make an exorbitant demand, surely.



MARY RYAN IN "THE GIRL PATSY"

## Can a Dramatic Critic Be Quite Honest?

BY ALAN DALE

**D**O you see that nice young man, with the beaming eye of an enthusiast and the epicurean demeanor of a connoisseur, sitting in an aisle seat? That is the newly appointed dramatic critic of the "Daily Truthmonger." An awfully nice boy, with a capital style and a breezy outlook! This has been the dream of his glad young life, and it is realized at last.

He is filled with magnificent resolutions. He intends to tell the truth under the most harassing circumstances, though he is quite certain that circumstances never *could* be harassing. He is going to prick the bubbles of arrogance and conceit. His mission will be to mete out praise to the

cate, entertain, and cheer the public," he says, as he looks at the crowd of dinner-digesting men and women who are longing to get to the lobster-palace for supper.

There he is again. It is the first anniversary of his appointment, and he has kept



HENRY WOODRUFF, WHO HAS MADE A SUCCESS OF "BROWN OF HARVARD"

deserving, and censure to those who merit it. If a thirty-dollar-a-week actor appeals to him more strongly than a world-famous star, he will not hesitate to say so. He will be independent, unbiased, and keen. He will expose the tricks of the bunko manager, for is not his duty clearly directed toward the kind, dear, appreciative public? He will be always reliable. "I will guide, edu-

his position. How delightful it all is! As he entered the theater to-night, the man at the gate doffed his hat obsequiously. The business manager buttonholed him and said: "No matter what the other chaps say, if *you* like this play, it goes. What a power you have become!" If he likes the play! Why, he lunched with the playwright the other day, and after a delightfully intellec-



SYLVIA LYNDEN, PLAYING WITH JAMES K. HACKETT IN "THE WALLS OF JERICHO"

tual repast (*with wine*), the author actually took the trouble to read his work to him and ask his opinion! A clear case of "scoop"! He thought the play admirable, and said so. Watch him closely. Somehow or other the

study. Read him next morning; he has "hedged." For some reason or other the public did not rise to the strong, admirable, beautifully conceived work of Mr. Snooks, etc., etc., etc.



FLORENCE ROBERTS, A FAVORITE IN THE WEST, WHO RECENTLY MADE HER FIRST APPEARANCE IN NEW YORK

play falls horribly flat. It drags on till midnight, at which hour half the audience has gone home. The things that read so well emerge as the dreariest sort of insignificant "talk." The dear little chap's face is a

What on earth is the use of being so detestably sincere? These theatrical people treat him like a prince. He is Somebody. They all know him, and defer to him. A great star deliberately stopped and shook





HILDA SPONG, LEADING WOMAN OF THE W. H. CRANE COMPANY

hands with him yesterday. (The star will open next week in a new play.) A manager of international repute wrote him, begging him to dash off some little one-act play that he could use when occasion demanded. (The manager will offer a twenty-thousand-dollar production—less discount for cash, two thousand dollars—next month.) Two of the sweetest little dears in musical comedy, with the loveliest little arms, asked him to a beefsteak supper, in order to introduce him to their dearest mothers. (They

are billed for a new sensational dance very shortly.) Yes, he is Somebody. What *does* the stupid public care? If they saw him on the street they would pass him by. Silly, cackling geese!

Honest? Yes, honest as the sun, of course. He honestly believes that the emotional favorite whose "Sunday nights" he invariably attends, is absolutely great. He honestly believes that her new play, for which she begged him to make suggestions

(he made them freely, and she forgot to accept any of them, careless girl!), is a pure work of art. He honestly believes that her company, which includes a little typewriter girl whom he rescued from the infamy of the eternal click-click, is the finest collection of artists before the public. He honestly believes that her stuffy, ill-ventilated theater is the most spacious, acoustically perfect playhouse in the metropolis. Watch the delight on his face as the play proceeds. See him scowl at the youth who goes out remarking "Twenty-three for mine." Honest? Yes, honest as the sun, of course.

Joy! The "Daily Ragbag," published in Skidoo, Wisconsin, has called him "the great metropolitan critic." He is no longer local, but national! Think of his being known in Skidoo! After all, a dramatic critic has fine chances. It is a charming life—brain-sapping of course, but eminently worth while. The theatrical people themselves are so exhilarating! The other day he was ill and out of the fray. All alone in his desolate room he lay. His office forgot him, and the office boy wrote the review. *But*, just as he was about to succumb to his depression, a beautiful bouquet of flowers was brought in. It bore the card of Miss Kaflunk, who opens next week at the Folly. Dear little girl! He knows she is poor, and has at least a couple of mothers—or is it sisters?—to support. Tears flow from his eyes as he realizes her sacrifice. How can he ever repay her! Well, any man who forgets that sort of thing is a pig and a coward and a dolt. Oh, truth be hanged! Be decent first, and tell the truth after—

See him? His face is a little redder than it used to be. He lolls rather nonchalantly in his orchestra chair. He is reading his programme. This is a most important production. He knows neither the star, the playwright, nor any member of the cast. This is rather unusual, for he has met so many. Without realizing why he does it, he heaves a sigh of relief. He believes that his sigh is born of sincere interest. It is due to the fact that this time he can be quite sincere without treading on corns. He "slates" the performance. He has never seen such an inadequate star, such a miserably maudlin play, such a grossly unrehearsed company. All the beliefs he owned when he first started dramatic criticism are

aired. He has done a fine piece of work. Anyway, he is quite satisfied with himself, and has not the faintest doubts as to his sublime honesty. If anybody dared to doubt that, he would brand the miscreant as a ruthless perverter of truth.

Is the life of the dramatic critic so fine? He mentally asks himself that, as he reads a parcel of clippings kindly sent to him by a friend. His honesty is impugned; his character is assailed. Every penny-a-liner seems to have it in for him. Never before has he imagined himself so utterly despicable. Anonymous letters, suggesting a picturesque death—pleasing but lingering—reach him daily. Evidently he has hurt somebody, but this sort of thing can't be allowed to go on. After all, he is human, and these attacks are quite unendurable. Is it worth while to lay oneself open to such odious assaults? Is his salary compensation for such treatment?

At the next production made by non-friends, he goes lightly and cautiously. He writes around it all, and is quite too terribly lenient. More trouble—this time from his friends. They tell him that he is losing his grip. His praise, lavished upon them, amounts to nothing if it is lavished equally upon their enemies. He is "torn with conflicting emotions." He can do no right. To be friends with Peter, he must be enemies with Paul, and vice versa. His mild, innocuous matter gives general dissatisfaction. His friends no longer read it; his enemies are but faintly interested. He is a tame cat. He is anxious to please, and he is on the verge of realizing that, whatever he may do, whatever he may write, whatever he may say, whatever he may think, whatever he may attempt, it is IMPOSSIBLE!

Take another look at the poor chap. His face has lost its roundness; his eye is cod-like; his demeanor is depressed. He has a list in his hand, containing penciled names. There are twelve people in the cast. He has been asked to give "good notices" to nine of them! One went to school with his sister; another used "to work in the office" with him; a third has staked her little all on the costumes she will wear, and a kindly mention means the world to her; a fourth threatens to brain him if he dares to men-



JULIA SANDERSON, WHO WILL HAVE THE LEADING RÔLE IN "THE TOURISTS"  
NEXT SEASON

tion his name unpleasantly; a fifth thinks he is the greatest on earth, and will quote his criticisms with his dying breath; a sixth is from a mother; a seventh from an aged aunt; an eighth from a weary struggler prepared to become a hod-carrier if this fail; and the last is from a girl who says: "Surely you remember me. I'm Sadie." Great Scott! Sadie to pass in review on this occasion! In this cast remain

honest, but somehow or other—he has no idea how—a web seems to have been woven around him, and gradually tightened.

You see him no more, that poor little chap. He is gone. But there are hundreds like him, and his place is easily filled—and will be just as easily un-filled. They all begin honest, and end—well, honest. To ensure a real unimpeachable successor, let



ADRIENNE AUGARDE, NOW APPEARING IN LONDON IN  
"THE LITTLE MICHS"

but three of whom he may say what he thinks! Poor folks, why should he try to wriggle free from his fetters at their expense? He does not. He is tied hand and foot.

Is he honest? Oh, of course, as the sun. Woe to the man who tried to bribe him for a money consideration! What wouldn't he do to the corruptionist with the open check-book? He knows that he is thoroughly

the poor chap live on the rock of Gibraltar, cable him over every night to the theater, encase him in the pachydermatous hide of the elephant, goggle him with the latest thing in motor devices, ply him with the endurance of the sphinx, and give him the lofty outlook of the Colossus at Rhodes. Then a dramatic critic *can* be quite honest.

He can also be quite honest if he doesn't care a hang for the whole shooting-gallery.



## Weapons and Ornaments of Woman

BY OCTAVE UZANNE

*Translated by Lady Mary Loyd*

### Hairdressing and Head-Coverings

*Illustrated, by P. Avril*

**F**ROM ancient times women have devoted the greatest care to the treatment of their hair, and the ingenuity and coquetry with which they have made it serve to heighten their beauty have provided historians and archæologists with many points of interest. At the close of the second book of the "Iliad," Homer tells us that the fair Greeks mingled their hair with bands and ribbons of gold tissue, from which their locks escaped in curls and loops interspersed with gold ornaments in the shape of grasshoppers. There is not a trick of modern hairdressing these ladies did not know. They were adepts in the arts of waving, curling and frizzing.

At Rome, too, the love of elaborate hairdressing became very general. The names applied to certain arrangements of the hair

have been handed down to us. There were styles known as the "miter," the "tholia," the "strophe," the "anademias," the "vesica," the "reticulum," the "infula," the "vittæ," the "corymbion," the "calanthic," the "calyptric," the "flammeum," and so forth. These styles were named after various things—ribbons or fillets which bound the hair together, nets which confined the piled-up tresses, strips of woollen material fastened round the brows, braids of hair mingled with many-tinted silken cords, and veils that waved amidst the lady's locks. Ovid, who must always be consulted on any matter touching the arts of female coquetry, and whose "Art of Love" might better have been called the "Art of Making Oneself Loved," imparts precious counsels on this all-important subject to the ladies of his period:

"Arrange your hair with art," he says; "all its charm will depend on how much or how little care you bestow on it." There



are a thousand styles of hairdressing. Each woman must know how to choose that which suits her best, and as to this matter, her mirror will be her wisest counselor. A face that is a trifle long must be

fall floating on each shoulder like Apollo when he draws harmonious melodies from his lyre, while another binds her updrawn locks about her head with a ribbon even as Diana when she pursues wild creatures



BYZANTINE HEADDRESSES, REIGN OF THE EMPRESS THEODORA

framed in smooth hair neatly divided. A rounder countenance demands rather more height and fullness in the arrangement of the hair, and the ears must be left uncovered. One lady may let her tresses

through the woods. A loose and curly arrangement is most becoming to one, while an artistic gathering up of the locks is better suited to another's features. Some ladies even seek to dress their hair in



FIFTEENTH CENTURY HEAD-COVERING. THE HENNIN

waves or wide twists whose rhythmic lines recall the undulations of the sea. The careless-looking style of hairdressing is admirably suited to many kinds of beauty; but nothing requires a greater amount of art than this apparently unstudied manner of wearing the hair, and many a woman who looks as if she had scarcely laid her finger on her locks has really been spending several hours over their arrangement. Art must know how to imitate accident."

Juvenal has left us a description of a rich patrician lady at her toilet—a most

curious and amusing picture, for it is marvelously like that we might expect from the pen of an observant writer in the twentieth century:

"The fair dame sits languidly before her looking-glass. A slave, her hairdresser, whose own hair hangs loose, is busily curling her locks. What is this unruly curl? Instantly, with a bit of bull's sinew, the offending lock is put in place. The beauty leans back, studies the effect, consults an aged waiting-woman, who gives her opinion with as much sense



COIFFURE À LA FONTANGE

of its importance as if it were a matter of honor, of life or death, so intense is the desire to please in the female sex. Finally the slave builds up on her lady's head a many-storied edifice, which, from a front view, makes her look like an Andromache; whereas, seen from behind, the effect produced is of quite another order. There are locks of curly hair, cushions that swell the proportions of the structure, little side curls that fringe the forehead and the ears. These mysteries of the toilet, this anxious care of their tresses, constitute the chief occupation of the Roman ladies."

Willingly we would multiply our quotations. Seneca, Tibullus, St. Clement of Alexandria—these and others would all bear witness for us. Authorities and examples are more than plentiful not only among the classic authors, but also among the

statuary and mural paintings found at Herculaneum, and the medals and numerous articles connected with the toilet, which various archaeological excavations have brought to light. So we see that woman, in herself, has never varied, nor has her vanity ever wearied of the variety in forms of adornment.

Let us observe the extraordinary variations of the art wherewith more modern women have contrived to transform the expression of their faces by dint of their treatment of hair and head alone. During the Merovingian period they wore their hair perfectly smooth on the crown of the head, and falling on each side rather lower than the shoulder in a thick plait, lessening in girth toward the point. A grooved circlet of gold set on the forehead sufficed to confine the heavy mass, and endued the physiognomy with a most majestic air. The young girls wore their hair loose on their shoulders, this being the symbol of their maidenhood. When they advanced in age without finding husbands it was said in familiar conversation that "she still wears her hair loose." A *concilium* of those days forbade married women to

cut the long hair which symbolized their subjection to their husbands. This did not prevent them from seeking admiration, nor from working their long and silky tresses into magnificent braids mingled with strips of gorgeous materials. Under the Capets the noble ladies divided their hair into two thick plaits which fell in front of each shoulder, or else gathered the hair on either side into one great lock, binding the two together with golden or silken fillets. This mode of dressing the hair required great skill and care. It continued in vogue till about 1170, when another fashion came in—that of hiding the hair under a veil, or with a strip of material passed under the chin and fastened on the top of the head, thus binding in the tresses, which were all wound into a knot at the nape of the neck.

During the fourteenth century ladies wore feathers in their hair. Some built up their tresses in the shape of bushel measures, more or less high. Others imprisoned their locks in a sort of net called "crestine," "crépine," or "crépinette." The tufts at the sides of the head formed horn-like excrescences. The use of dyes and false hair was very frequent at this period. The reign of Charles V saw the first appearance of the hoods which protected the head on stormy days. The "bonnet à cœur," the "cornette" and the "hennin" were not worn until about 1400. The "hennin" was like a pepper caster, pointed like a steeple, or shaped into two horns, curved like a ram's, whence drooped all sorts of draperies that fell upon the wearer's shoulders.

Never were splendor and extravagance in head-coverings carried to such an excess as during the first half of the fifteenth century. The hair itself was but a trifling item in the luxury of decoration lavished on the female head. Extraordinary structures known by many names were built up on the heads of fair châtelines. In England the eccentricities of the mode exceeded even those to be seen at the French court. All through the Middle Ages, no woman's physical beauty was recognized as being complete unless she had fair hair, and the consumption of dyes by dark-haired ladies, in the process known to them under the words "se blondoyer," may readily be conceived.

During the late Renaissance (under Francis I and Henry VIII), ladies replaced the caps of former days with little rounded headdresses of satin or velvet edged with ermine, which made a very harmonious setting to their faces. The hair was curled and allowed to fall on the neck. Certain court ladies, following a fashion set by Margaret of Navarre, curled the hair over the temples and dressed it high over the forehead. The first metal hairpins were invented in England in 1545. Prior to this invention, the hair was held in place by means of pins and very fine and flexible skewers, all made of wood. It was at this time that "la Belle Ferronnière" invented a headdress to

which she gave her name, and which still retains its celebrity. It consisted of a velvet or satin cap, superbly embroidered, which fell only as far as the shoulders, something after the fashion of a Dante hood, and below which the curling hair was allowed to escape. A very narrow frontlet, or a gold chain with a jewel or "ferronnière" set in the center, was passed across the forehead and fastened at the back of the head with a very wide bow. In another style of this period the hair, divided into straight bands, was partly hidden by a strip of material that fell on either cheek, and over which hung a veil, whose folds were gathered at one end with a gold ornament shaped like a tulip, having at its base a button formed out of a precious stone. The arts of the jeweler and the hairdresser were thus combined.



BONNETS OF THE FIRST EMPIRE

The miniatures in the celebrated "Book of Hours" of Anne of Brittany show us that the French style consisted of a small hood or cap set far back on the head, and enriched round the edge with a band of velvet or two rows of pearls. The Tuscan or Italian fashion was to throw the hair back over the shoulders and bind it with a ribbon adorned with gems like the "ferrière"; while the Spanish headdress, brought into France in 1530 by Eleanor of Castile, the first wife of Francis I, was a black velvet bonnet frequently graced by a feather placed at one side. Queen Mary Stuart and Queen Margaret of France both made the most of this style.

Under Charles IX the ladies began to pile their hair up, and to friz and powder it. So far were these last two habits carried that toward the year 1590 the nuns in their convents thought it necessary to friz and powder, too. Brunettes used violet powder, blondes used orris root. These were not put on dry, but in a greasy preparation which made combing as well as cleanliness almost impossible. The hair, according to the expressions then in use, was dressed "en raquette," "en poire," or "en cœur." It was turned up over the forehead on little iron circlets called "arcelets." Just at that period the Duchess of Angoulême adopted a low-shaped man's hat, made of felt and adorned with a feather and a scarf daintily wound all round it and knotted.

All through the first thirty years of the seventeenth century, tall headdresses ruled. The ill-starred victims of the fashion, the devotees of elegance, were fain to endure the weight of a perfect scaffolding of waved, frizzed and stiffened hair, built up dome-shaped, bedecked with ribbons, and looking uncommonly like a sugar edifice due to the confectioner's art. In the winter, false tresses reigned supreme. In summer, fashion leaned to a simpler and more natural style, crowned by a little hood coming to a point on the brow, and falling rather below the nape of the neck behind.

After 1630 there was a reaction, the hair, worn short and curled over the forehead, was allowed to fall over the ears in little fluffy locks called "bouffons." After the "bouffons" came "cadenettes"—tiny plaits of hair tied with ribbons known as "gallants." The ladies, who had hitherto employed women to dress their hair, now

began to call on men to perform this office.

The latter half of the seventeenth century was marked by the appearance of a multiplicity of styles, of which we must mention only the best known. There were the "bretaudié," introduced by a hairdresser called La Vienne, and the "hur-lupée," better known under its other name, the "à la Maintenon," and which consisted of a general frizzing all over the head, a turning of the feminine fleece into the semblance of a woolly lamb. To save their complexions ladies wore masks when they went out of doors, and adopted the fashion of putting on patches which served to accentuate the expression of their faces. These little scraps of black plaster bore different names according to their various positions. A patch close beside the eye went by the name of "la passionnée"; one just beside the mouth was called "la baiseuse"; while a patch on the cheek was denominated "la galante." We even read of an English lady, from the neighborhood of Newcastle, who decorated her forehead with a series of patches cut to represent a coach and four horses. The amount of paint and powder applied at this period was a disgrace to the female countenance: the excessive use of rouge and antimony had marked every face in the most outrageous fashion.

In the year 1680 the Marquise de Fontange, when out hunting, had her hair blown about her face by the wind. She gathered it all up and tied it into a knot over her forehead with a ribbon. The following morning saw the birth of a new style of hairdressing, the most famous of all those invented during the reign of the "Grand Roi." This was the "coiffure à la Fontange," the fashion for which ran riot at Versailles and was carried to the most exaggerated point. In accordance with this mode, the hair was arranged in a mass of curls above the forehead, and these were crowned by a sort of fan-shaped cap, the front of which, worked into fan-shaped plaits, or gauffered quills, or gathered coronet-wise, stood up in air like a white coxcomb. It was not till the year 1792 that these "Fontanges" fell out of fashion, and then only because the king had invited to his table a fair and fashionable Englishwoman, who, not thinking it necessary to subject her head to the tyranny





SOME EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURY HEAD-COVERINGS

of this particular mode, appeared with her hair dressed low. It was then admitted that smooth hair possessed a charm of its own, and ladies began to wear black hoods.

During the eighteenth century, the eccentricities of coiffure attained the utmost limits of the ridiculous, and such masters of the art of caricature as Rowlandson, did not even find it necessary to seek out extravagant types—all they had to do was to draw what they saw. For the first two-thirds of the century ladies wore their hair dressed low, and in a very coquettish style. The lines of the head in those days were simple and harmonious. A little lace cap, known as a "cornette," was often added, and this style continued till about 1760. Watteau shepherdess hats were worn. These were small shapes of Tuscan or Modena straw, set off and adorned with floating feathers. Soon afterwards the "tapé" came in. The back hair was drawn up to the top of the head like a helmet, and the front locks, closely waved, were raised into a kind of coronet over the brow, and lightly powdered.

Between 1760 and 1770 the hairdresser Frison invented the Greek style, which had a tremendous success. At this period, for morning dress and "négligé," the back hair was worn in a net or hair bag. It was only when ladies went out in the afternoon, or for evening dress, that they devoted the time necessary to the erection upon their heads of these monuments of the hairdresser's skill. About 1772 the "full dress" heads began to make their appearance. Some people called them "opera-box" heads. The hair was turned up so high and was so greased and curled and powdered that certain fine ladies proudly exhibited a measurement of something like four feet from their chins to the tops of their heads.

"Conceive," writes a contemporary journalist, "two great wings on either side of the face, sticking out seven or eight inches beyond it, and three or four beyond the biggest noses in the kingdom, the said wings fastened at the back to a full linen bag containing the voluminous collection of hair which ladies, at this moment, regard as their most precious ornament. Above all this is piled a sort of framework of ribbon puffings, which looks as if it were tied together with a rosette of the same ribbon near the back of the skull." This

was called the "cabriolet." The "cabriolet" was soon followed by the "pouf," constructed out of some five or six yards of gauze, and serving to support the hair. It was a sort of mountain, but regarded, apparently, as a proper field for decoration and allegory, for on its lower slopes, its precipices and its heights, were set flowers, fruits, birds, little dolls dressed as shepherds and shepherdesses, and, it may well be, pretty little lambs, too! After the "poufs" came the "hérissons," just like huge sapper's busbies, hoarfrosted with powder.

Marie Antoinette set a new fashion almost every day: the "désir de plaire," the "chien couchant," the "parc anglais," the "vol d'amour," the "sentiments répliés," the "frégate." This last recalled an incident of the war with the English in 1778. On a huge pile of hair rippled like the waves of an angry sea, the artist in hairdressing placed a tiny corvette, with masts and rigging all complete! The unlucky slaves of fashion who bore these highly inconvenient masterpieces on their heads could not get into their coaches at all, and found it anything but easy to sit in their sedan chairs, or in their boxes at the play.

A detailed account of the long and terrible sufferings endured by the women resolved to have their heads dressed according to the fashion of those days would be replete with interest. The preparation of the hair, in the course of which the hairdresser was forced to mount upon a ladder, was a slow and minute process, taking up five or six hours at least. But it is only fair to add that once done, it was over for eight days at least, and the sufferer did not make her head over to her tormentor more than once a week. But think of the daily care, the endless constraint, involved in the effort to keep the edifice built up with so much pains in tolerable order. The birth of the Dauphin in 1780 put an end to this grotesque fashion. The queen's hair fell out, and after wearing it for a time "à l'enfant," she took to caps.

The period of the Revolution was tolerably fruitful in new inventions. Ladies dressed their hair "à la nation," and "aux charmes de la liberté." The "Cabinet des Modes de Haarlem," a magazine of fashions, published in Holland by French authors, gives us sketches of all the head-



OPERA-BOX HEADDRESS, END OF EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

coverings then in vogue. The bonnet with strings now appeared for the first time, and another called "*sens devant derrière*." English taste ran to feathers. Everybody wore ostrich and heron plumes—black, blue, yellow, green, lilac, white, golden, silvered, vied with one another. In summer time, white paper hats with green and yellow feathers were in fashion; in autumn, pale-blue felt hats, with a yellow plume; for mourning, black gauze caps with a black heron plume and a white ostrich feather. In 1795 the feathers were three times as high as the wearers' heads, and James Gillray, the famous caricaturist, shows us the smart London ladies sitting in their sedan chairs with the tops left open to let their feathers through. These eccentricities did not find favor in France, where caps and tall hats garnished with

cockades were much worn. The hair was cut very short, curled, and bound round with a rich circlet. This was called the "*coiffure à la Titus*."

The antique styles reappeared during the Directory; the "*merveilleuses*" brought in wigs again. Madame Tallien had twenty of them that had cost twenty-five louis apiece. At the *Bals des Victimes*, some ladies wore their hair "*à la sacrifice*," cut short behind as though for the guillotine. Certain fashionable dames wore fair wigs in the daytime and black wigs at night. The "*merveilleuses*" crowned theirs with yellow straw hats trimmed with many-tinted ribbons, and fastened under the chin with a muslin chin-strap. These hats were succeeded by helmets like those to be seen on antique cameos, and these again by regular jockey caps. One

headdress, called "à la persane," consisted of a striped scarf wound round the head and fastened with an "esprit," or small diamond aigrette. In 1800 the wigs and the heads "à la Titus" disappeared, the only vestige left being the "half-wig" worn while the hair that had been cut short was being allowed to grow.

The styles of hairdressing in vogue at the court of Napoleon I somewhat resembled those followed at ancient Rome. The smart coquettes of the Empire, after having cut their locks short like Titus and Caracalla, began to dispose their curls in imitation of the heads they saw on antique cameos and medals. The Empress Josephine, whose childish taste for gems is a matter of common knowledge, never appeared without the most splendid jewels in her hair.

Under Louis XVIII and Charles X (1814-1830), the hair was arranged in little curls that were almost flattened on the forehead and temples, and twisted, near the nape of the neck, into very unobtrusive looking loops, which were mingled with artificial flowers. Hats and bonnets were huge and ungraceful. For a considerable time Gothic shapes were in favor—troubadours' caps, and so forth. Then came great hoods with immense curtains, and on the top of them all, ostrich and marabou plumes in quantities. At that moment, England led European fashion in certain particulars. Anglomania reigned everywhere, and by no means improved the general taste.

Between 1830 and 1850 modes were simpler. The bonnet, "cab's hood"

as it was called, reigned supreme. The hair was worn in full curls drawn out into corkscrews, which fell on each side of the face, and were denominated "repentirs." Why this name nobody seems to know. Then bandeaux came in, and bunches of curls and ringlets. "Charlotte Corday" caps had an extraordinary vogue, and "Pamela" hats were long remembered. Between 1830 and 1838 the hair was drawn up to the top of the head to form an edifice as light and airy as any pagoda.

The subject of the indoor caps and visiting-bonnets of the fashionable fair between 1840 and 1850, is worthy of a chapter to itself. Never were daintier inventions for the protection of the female head evolved, whether in lace, fine linen, or embroidery, than at that moment.

During the Second Empire, three periods of hairdressing and headgear may be noted. Between 1852 and 1860 the hair was worn low, and bonnets were in vogue. Between 1860 and 1865 the hair was turned up, and hats came in. Between 1865 and 1870 the hair was dressed both high and low, and hats and bonnets were tiny. During the first of these periods we must notice

the style called "à la jolie femme," with the hair plainly braided in flat bandeaux, and tied with a ribbon. During the second period the ladies fell in love with red and golden hair of every shade, a great deal of hair-dye was used, and chignons attained an extraordinary size. During the third period hats were adorned with little birds with outspread wings, with flowers, with ivy, and finally with ribbons.



STYLE OF 1863

# Story of Andrew Jackson


BY ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

*Illustrated by Hy. S. Watson*

**SYNOPSIS:** The opening instalments relate how in 1787 the young attorney, Andrew Jackson, leaves his native state of North Carolina upon advice of Spruce McCay, his preceptor, and goes to Nashville. In this new country his energy, honesty, and ingenuity stand him well, and he quickly gains the respect and confidence of the community, as well as a good start in his profession. He boards with the widow Donelson, whose daughter Rachel is married to a jealous ne'er-do-well named Robards. The latter, believing that Rachel is infatuated with Jackson, petitions the legislature of Virginia (in which state he was married) for a divorce. The legislature passes an act authorizing the supreme court of Kentucky to try the case, but the news as it reaches Nashville is that a divorce has been granted. Jackson and Mrs. Robards are married before the real state of affairs is known. This is in 1791. Robards' divorce is not obtained until two years thereafter. Then there is a second marriage, but meanwhile Jackson is frequently called upon to defend his wife's honor.

## VI

### DEAD-SHOT DICKINSON

HE sandy-haired Andrew now devotes himself to the practice of law and the domestic virtues. In exercising the latter, he has the aid of the blooming Rachel, toward whom he carries himself with a tender chivalry that would have graced a Bayard. Having little of books, he is earnest for the education of others, and becomes a trustee of the Nashville Academy.

About this time the good people of the Cumberland and the regions round about, believing they number more than seventy thousand souls, are seized of a hunger for statehood. They call a constitutional convention at Knoxville, and Andrew attends as a delegate from his county of Davidson. Woolsack McNairy, his fellow-student in the office of Spruce McCay, is also a delegate. The Woolsack one has realized that dream of old Salisbury, and is now a judge.

Andrew and Woolsack McNairy are members of the committee which draws up a constitution for the would-be commonwealth. The constitution, when framed, is brought by its authors into open convention, and wranglingly adopted. Also, "Tennessee" is settled upon for a name, albeit the ardent Andrew, who is nothing if not tribal, urges that of "Cumberland."

The constitution goes, with the proposition of statehood, before Congress in Philadelphia; and, following a sharp fight, in which such fossilized ones as Rufus King oppose, and such quick spirits as Aaron Burr sustain, the admission of "Tennessee," the new state is created.

Its hunting-shirt citizenry, well pleased with their successful step in nation building, elect Andrew to the House of Representatives. A little later he is taken from the House, and sent to the Senate. There he meets with Mr. Jefferson, who is the Senate's presiding officer, being vice-president of the nation, and that accurate parliamentarian and polished fine gentleman writes of him:

"He never speaks on account of the rashness of his feelings. I have seen him attempt it repeatedly, but as often choke with rage."

There, also, he encounters Aaron Burr; and is so far socially sagacious as to model his deportment upon that of the American Chesterfield, ironing out the backwoods wrinkles and savage creases, until it fits a salon as smoothly well as does the deportment of Burr himself. Our hero finds but one other man about Congress for whom he conceives a friendship equal to that which he feels for Aaron Burr, and he is Edward Livingston.

Andrew the energetic discovers the life of a senator to be one of dawdling uselessness overlong drawn out; and says so. He anticipates the acrid Randolph of Roan-



oke, and declares that he never winds his watch while in Congress, holding all time spent there as wasted and thrown away:

Idleness rusts him; and, being of a temper even with that of best Toledo steel, he refuses to rust patiently. Preyed upon and carked of an exasperating leisure, which misfits both his years and his fierce temperament, he seeks refuge in what amusements are rife in Philadelphia. He goes to Mr. McElwee's looking-glass store, 70 South Fourth Street, and pays four bits for a ticket to the readings of Mr. Fennell, who gives him Goldsmith, Thomson, and Young. The readings pall upon him, and, athirst for something more violent, he clinks down a Mexican dollar, witnesses the horsemanship at Mr. Rickett's amphitheater, and finds it more to his horse-loving taste. When all else fails, he buys a seat in a box at the Old Theater in Cedar Street, and is entertained by the sleight of hand of wizard Signor Falconi. On the back of it all, he grows heartily sick of the Senate and of civilization, as the latter finds exposition in Philadelphia, and resigns his place and goes home.

When he arrives in Nashville, the legislature, which still holds that he should be engaged upon some public work, elects him to the supreme bench. There he gets along more to his own comfort; for, besides being among the people he loves, he relieves the monotony of existence by a street fight with Gov. John Sevier. The two meet in the causeways of Knoxville, empty their pistols at each other, and are both shamefully wide.

The young judge is also called from the bench to arrest that celebrated backwoods bully and cutthroat, Russell Bean, who, with a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other, is engaged at the moment in challenging a reluctant sheriff to a free fight. The young judge covers the objectionable Mr. Bean with those Galway saw-handles; and that violent person surrenders unconditionally. In elucidating his sudden-tameness and its causes, Mr. Bean subsequently explains to a disgusted admirer:

"I looks at the jedge, an' I sees shoot in his eye; an' thar warn't shoot in nary 'nother eye in the crowd. So I says to mysef, says I, 'Old hoss, it's about time to sing small!' An' I does."

Notwithstanding those leaden exchanges with the governor, and the conquest of the

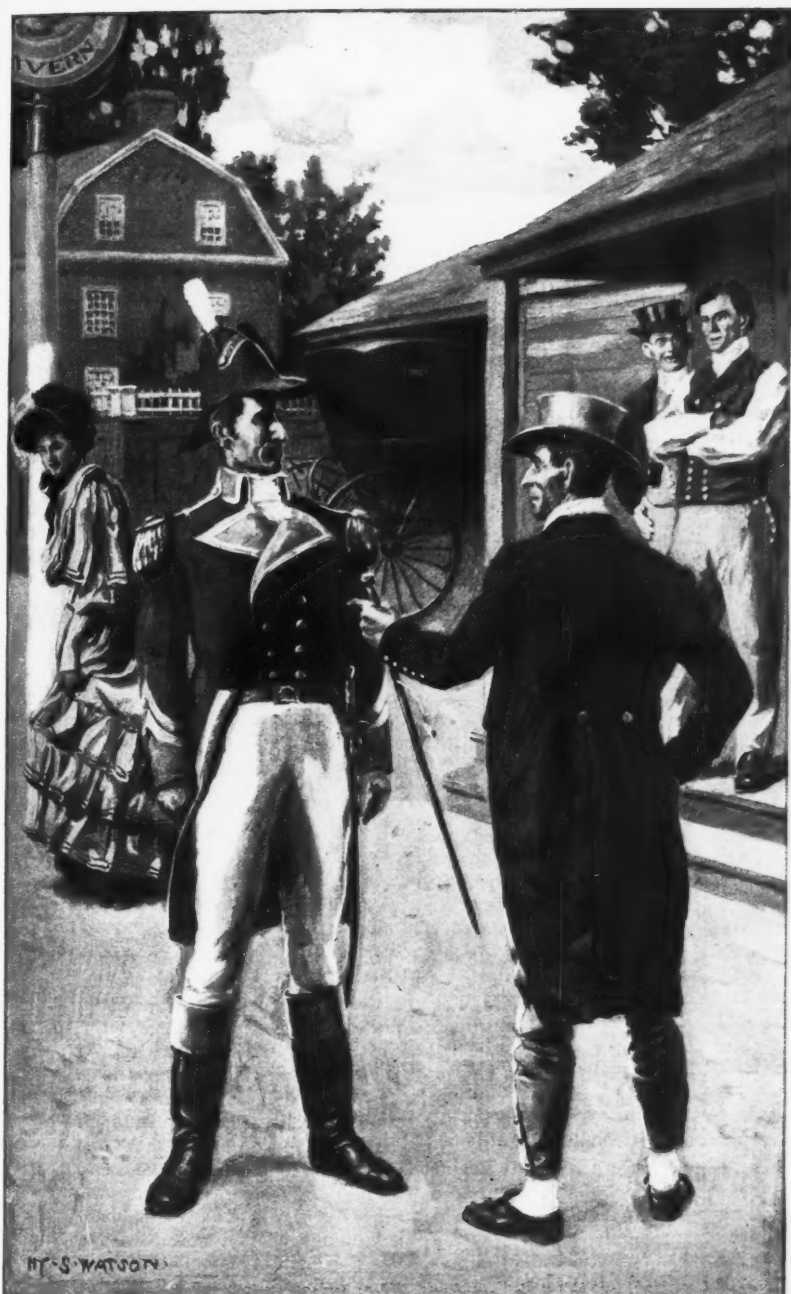
discreet Mr. Bean, our jurist finds the bench inexpressibly tedious. At last he resigns from it, as he did from the Senate, and again retreats to private life.

Here his forethoughtful Scotch blood begins to assert itself, and he goes seriously to the making of money. With his one hundred and fifty slaves he tills his plantation as no plantation on the Cumberland was ever tilled before; and the cotton crops he "makes" are at once the local boast and wonder. He starts an inland shipyard, and builds keel and flatboats for the river commerce with New Orleans. He opens a store, and sells everything from gunpowder to quinine, broadcloth by the bolt to salt by the barrel; and takes his pay in the heterogeneous currency of the region, whereof coonskins, so to speak, are a smallest subsidiary coin. Also, it is now that he is made major general of militia, an honor for which he has privily panted, even as the worn hart panteth for the water brook.

When he is now a general, the blooming Rachel cuts and bastes and stitches a gorgeous uniform for her Bayard, in which labor of love she exhausts the Nashville supply of gold braid. When the new general dons that effulgent uniform, which he does upon the instant it is completed, he offers a spectacle of such brilliancy that the bedazzled public talks facetiously of smoked glass. The new general in no wise resents this jest, being blandly tolerant of the backwoods sense of humor which suggests it. Besides, while the public has its joke, he has the uniform and his commission; and these, he opines, give him vastly the better of the situation.

"Many friends, many foes," say the Arabs, and now the popular young general finds his path grown up to enemies. There be reasons for the sprouting of these malevolent gentry. The general is the idol of the people. He can call them about him as the huntsman calls his hounds. At word or sign from him, they follow and pull down whatsoever man or measure he points to as his quarry of politics. This does not match with the ambitions of many a pushing gentleman, who is quite as eager for popular preference, and—he thinks—quite as much entitled to it, as is the general.

These disgruntled ones, baffled in their political advancement by the general, take darkling counsel among themselves. The



WHILE THE PUBLIC HAS ITS JOKE, HE HAS THE UNIFORM AND HIS COMMISSION

decision they arrive at is one gloomy enough. They cannot shake the general's hold upon the people. Nothing short of his death promises a least ray of relief. He is the sun; while he lives he alone will occupy the popular heavens. His destruction would mean the going down of that sun. In the night which followed, those lesser plotting luminaries might win for themselves some twinkling visibility.

It is the springtime of the malevolent ones' conspiracy, and the plot they make begins to blossom from the bearing of its lethal fruit. There is in Nashville one Charles Dickinson. By profession he is a lawyer, albeit of practice intermittent and scant. In figure he is tall, handsome, graceful with a feline grace. If there be aught in the old Greek theory touching the transmigration of souls, then this Dickinson was aforetime and in another life a tiger. He is sinuous, powerful, vain, narrowly cruel, with a sleek, purring gloss of manner over all. Also, he is of "good family"—that defense and final refuge of folk who would else sink from respectable sight in the mire of their own well-earned disrepute.

Mr. Dickinson has one accomplishment, a physical one. So nicely does his eye match his hand that he may boast himself the quickest, surest shot in all the world. Knowing his vanity, and the deadly certainty of his pistols, the conspirators work upon him. They point out that to kill the general, under circumstances which men approve, will be an easy, instant step to greatness. Urged by his vanity, permitted by his cruelty, Dead-shot Dickinson rises to the glittering lure.

Give a man station and fortune, and while his courage is not sapped his prudence is promoted. The poor, obscure man will risk himself more readily than will the eminent, rich one, not that he is braver but because he has less to lose. The general, who has been in both Houses of Congress and was a judge on the bench besides, will not be hurried to the field as readily as when he was merely Andy the horse-faced. However, those malignant secret ones are ingenious. They know a name that cannot fail to set him ablaze for blood. They whisper that name to Dead-shot Dickinson.

It is a banner day at the Clover Bottom track. The general's Truxton is to run—meteor among race horses, the mighty Truxton! The blooming Rachel, seated in her

carriage, is where she can view the finish. The general, being one of the Clover Bottom stewards, is in the judge's stand. Dead-shot Dickinson, as the bell rings on the race, takes his post at the blooming Rachel's carriage wheel. He is not there to see the race, but to plant an insult.

"Go!" cries the starter.

Away rush the field, the flying Truxton in the lead. Around they whirl, the little jockeys plying hand and heel! They sweep by the three-quarters post! The great Truxton, eye afire, nostrils wide, comes down the track with the swiftness of the thrown lance! Behind, ten generous lengths, trail the beaten ruck! The red mounts to the cheek of the blooming Rachel; her black eyes shine with excitement! She applauds the invincible Truxton with her little hands!

"He is running away with them!" she cries.

Dead-shot Dickinson turns to the friend who is conveniently by his side. The chance he waited for has come.

"Running away with them!" he sneers, repeating the phrase of the blooming Rachel. "To be sure! He takes after his master, who ran away with another man's wife."

## VII

### HOW THE GENERAL FOUGHT

The general seeks the taciturn Overton—that wordless one of the uneasy hair triggers.

"It is a plot," says the general. "And yet this man shall die."

Hair-trigger Overton bears a challenge to Dead-shot Dickinson, and is referred to that marksman's second, Hanson Catlet. Hair-trigger Overton and Mr. Catlet agree on Harrison's Mills, a long day's ride away in Kentucky. There are laws against dueling in Tennessee; wherefore her citizens, when bent on blood, repair to Kentucky. To make all equal, and owning similar laws, the Kentuckians, when blood-hungry, take one another to Tennessee. The arrangement is polite, not to say urbane, and does much to induce friendly relations between these sister commonwealths.

Place selected, Mr. Catlet insists upon putting off the fight for a week. His principal is nothing if not artistic. He must



DEAD-SHOT DICKINSON TAKES HIS POST AT THE BLOOMING RACHEL'S CARRIAGE WHEEL. HE IS NOT THERE TO SEE THE RACE, BUT TO PLANT AN INSULT

send across the Blue Ridge Mountains for a famous brace of pistols. His duel with the general will have its page in history. He insists, therefore, upon making every nice arrangement to attract the admiration of posterity. He will kill the general, of course; and by way of emphasizing his gallantry offers wagers to that effect. He bets three thousand dollars that he will kill the general at the first fire.

The general makes no wagers, but holds long powwows with Hair-trigger Overton over their glasses and pipes. The fight is to be at twelve paces, each man toeing a peg. The word agreed on is: "Fire—one—two—three—stop!" Both are free to kill after the word "fire," and before the word "stop."

Hair-trigger Overton and the general give themselves up to a heartfelt study of what advantages and disadvantages are presented by the situation. They decide to let the gifted Dickinson shoot first. He is so quick that the general cannot hope to forestall his fire. Also, any undue haste on the general's part might spoil his aim. By the pros and cons of it, as weighed between them, it is plain that the general must receive the fire of Dead-shot Dickinson. He will be hit; doubtless the wound will bring death. He must, however, bend every iron energy to the task of standing on his feet long enough to kill his adversary.

"Fear not! I'll last the time!" says the general. "He shall go with me; for I've set my heart on his blood."

Those wonderful pistols come over the Blue Ridge, and Dead-shot Dickinson with his friends sets out for that far-away Kentucky fighting-ground. They make gala of the business, and laugh and joke as they ride along. By way of keeping his hand in, and to give the confidence of his admirers a wire edge, Dead-shot Dickinson unbends in sinister exhibitions of his pistol skill. At a farmer's house a gourd is hanging by a string from the bough of a tree. Dead-shot Dickinson, at twenty paces, cuts the string, and the gourd falls to the ground.

"Some gentlemen will be along presently," he says. "Show them that string, and tell them how it was cut."

At a wayside inn he puts four bullets into a mark the size of a silver dollar.

"When General Jackson arrives," he observes, tossing a gold piece to the inn-

keeper, "say that those were fired at twenty-four paces."

And so with song and shout and jest and pistol firing, the Dickinson party troop forward. They arrive in the early evening, and put up at Harrison's tavern. The fight is for seven o'clock in the morning.

Behind this gay cavalcade are journeying the general and Hair-trigger Overton. The farmer repeats the story of the gourd and its bullet-broken string. A bit farther, and the innkeeper calls attention to that quartette of shots which took effect within the little circumference of a dollar piece. The stern pair behold these marvels unmoved; Hair-trigger Overton merely shrugs his shoulders, while the general's lip curls contemptuously. Dead-shot Dickinson has thrown away his lead and powder if he hoped to shake these men of granite. Upon coming to the battleground, the general and Hair-trigger Overton avoid the Harrison tavern, which shelters the jovial Dickinson coterie, and put up at the inn of David Miller. That evening they hold their final conference, in a cloud of tobacco smoke like a couple of Indians. On the back of it the general goes to bed and sleeps like a tree.

With the first blue streaks of morning, our two war parties are up and moving. They meet in a convenient grove of poplars. The ground is stepped off and pegged; after which, Hair-trigger Overton and Mr. Catlet pitch a coin. The impartial coin awards the choice of positions to Mr. Catlet, and gives the word to Hair-trigger Overton. There is a third toss which settles that the weapons are to be those Galway sawhandles. At this good fortune, a steel-blue point of fire shows in the satisfied eye of the general. He recalls how he procured those weapons to kill the first man who spoke evil of the blooming Rachel, and is pleased to think a benignant destiny will not permit them to be robbed of that original right.

The men are led to their respective pegs by Mr. Catlet and Hair-trigger Overton. The general, through the experienced strategy of Hair-trigger Overton, wears a black coat, high of collar, long of skirt. It buttons to the chin; not a least glimpse of bullet-guiding white, whether of shirt, collar, or cravat, is allowed to show. The black coat is purposely voluminous; and the whereabouts of the general's lean frame, tucked away in its folds, is a question not readily replied to. The only mark

on the whole sable expanse of that coat is a row of steel-bright buttons. These are not in the middle, but peculiarly to one side. Those steel-bright buttons will draw the fire of Dead-shot Dickinson like a magnet—which is precisely what Hair-trigger Overton had in mind. As the two stand at

"Gentlemen, are you ready?"

They are ready, Dead-shot Dickinson cruelly eager, the somber general adamant. There is a soundless moment, still as death. "Fire!"

Instantly, like a flash of lightning, the pistol of Dead-shot Dickinson explodes.



*From a painting by Jarvis*

GEN. ANDREW JACKSON

the pegs, Dead-shot Dickinson calls loudly to a friend:

"Watch that third button! It's over the heart! I shall hit him there!"

The grim general says nothing; but the look on his gaunt face reads like a page torn from some book of doom. As he stands waiting the word, he is observed by the watchful Overton to slip something into his mouth. Then his jaws set themselves like flint.

That objective third button is driven in by the vengeful lead. The general rocks a little on his feet with the awful shock of it; then he plants himself as moveless as an oak. Through the curling smoke, Dead-shot Dickinson makes out the stark, up-standing form. For a moment it is as though he were planet-struck. He shrinks shudderingly from his peg.

"God!" he whispers; "have I missed him?"



Hair-trigger Overton cocks the pistol he holds in his hand and covers the horror-stricken Dickinson.

"Back to your mark, sir!" he roars.

Dead-shot Dickinson steps up to his peg, his cheek the hue of ashes. He reads his sentence in those implacable steel-blue eyes, and the death-nearness touches his heart like ice.

"One!" says Hair-trigger Overton.

At the word, there is a sharp "click!" The general has pulled the trigger, but the hammer catches at halfcock. The general's inveterate steel-blue glance never for one moment leaves his man. He re-cocks the weapon with a resounding "kluck!"

"Two!" says Hair-trigger Overton.

"Bang!"

There come the flash and roar, and Dead-shot Dickinson is seen to stagger. He totters, stumbles slowly forward and falls all along on his face. The bullet has bored through his body. The general stands by his peg—cold and hard and stern. Hair-trigger Overton approaches the wounded Dickinson. One glance is enough. He crosses to the general, and takes his arm.

"Come!" he says; "there is nothing more to do!"

Hair-trigger Overton leads the general back to their inn. As the pair journey through the poplar wood, he asks,

"What was that you put in your mouth?"

"It was a bullet," returns the general. "I placed it between my teeth. By setting my jaws firmly upon it, I made my hand as steady as a church."

As the general says this, he gives that steadying pellet of lead to Hair-trigger Overton, who looks it over curiously. It has been crushed between the clinched teeth of the general, until now it is as flat and thin as a two-bit piece. As the two approach the tavern, they come upon a negro churning butter, and the general pauses to drink a quart of milk.

Once in his room, Hair-trigger Overton pulls off the general's boot, which is full of blood.

"Not there!" says the general. "His bullet found me here," and he throws open the black coat.

Dead-shot Dickinson's aim was better than his surmise. He struck that indicated third button; but, thanks to that strategy of

Hair-trigger Overton which prompted the voluminous coat, the button did not cover the general's heart. The deceived bullet has only broken two ribs and grazed the breastbone.

The surgeon is called, and the wound is dressed and bandaged. He describes it as serious, and shakes his head.

"Still," he observes, "you are more fortunate than Mr. Dickinson. He cannot live an hour."

As the man of probe and forceps is about to retire, the general detains him.

"You are not to speak of my wound until we are back in Nashville."

He of the probe and forceps bows assent. When he has left the room, Hair-trigger Overton asks,

"What was that for?"

The brow of the general grows cloudy with a reminiscent war frown.

"Have you forgotten those four shots inside the circle of a dollar, and that bullet-severed string? I want the braggart to die thinking he has missed a man at twelve paces."

The two light pipes, and Hair-trigger Overton sends for whiskey. Once it has come, he gives the general a stiff four fingers, and under the fiery spell of the liquor the color struggles into the pale hollow of his cheek. He of the probe and forceps comes to the door.

"Gentlemen," he says, palms outward with a sort of surrendering gesture—"gentlemen, Mr. Dickinson is dead."

The general knocks the ashes from his pipe. Then he crosses to the open window and looks out into the May sunshine. From over near the poplar wood drifts up the liquid whistle of a quail. Presently he returns to his seat, and begins refilling his pipe.

"It speaks worlds for your will-power, that you should have kept your feet after being hit so hard. Not one in ten thousand could have held himself together while he made that shot."

This is a marvelous burst of loquacity for Hair-trigger Overton, who deals out words as some men deal out ducats.

"I was thinking of *her*, whom his slanderous tongue had hurt. I should have stood there till I killed him, though he had shot me through the heart!"

(To be continued.)



## THE HILL-CHILD

By Mabel Martin

*Illustrated by George T. Tobin*

**M**ARIAN and Jack had moved their household gods to this out-of-the-way spot because the wildness and the picturesqueness of the country appealed to them, and because they thought it would help them to forget.

They managed to dig up the owner of one of the old, abandoned country houses, which the gentry had long since relinquished as too hopelessly far from the great life-centers, and settled themselves into the dreamy quiet which the surroundings seemed to exhale. There was no village within miles, the homes of the people were very far apart, and even the house they lived in, Marian had heard, had not been occupied in a generation. Certainly its appearance did not contradict this. There was long-settled dust on everything. Panes in the heavy glass windows were broken, showing where night wanderers had found shelter; remnants only of the handsome furniture remained, bruised and stained beyond temptation of a wayfarer's cupidity. But even all this did not efface the air of quiet magnificence about the place, its one incontestable claim to distinction. Marian averred that it once had associated with abbeys and castles, but a change in its fortunes had banished it to a hermit's seclusion.

She sat often under the old trees, listening to tales of the stately past that breathed from the atmosphere, seeing with her inner eye a bygone happy procession, hearing their voices, and striving to stifle from her



HELD HER EARS OPEN FOR THE VOICES THAT  
SPOKE OUT OF THE SUMMER WOODLAND

the laughter of children that tinkled through the fountains. It was then that the pain began, that the bitter past was remembered; and Jack, coming home from a hunt, found her with her head in her hands, a worn little garment pressed closely to her.

She tried not to be sad before him, for he had cared quite as much as she; but it was the case of the one child, with qualities too sweetly fragile to last, who had lifted up the little wings of his spirit one day, and flown into the wide blue of the forever. All night in her dreams the little bright head was with her, pressed close to her till it grew like a weight, and she awoke, startled, to find only Jack striving to comfort her.

Marian wondered since the child was never to return why she could not make of him a sweet memory and resume the tenor of her way, for both she and her husband were young and had all of life before them. But still her heart ached, ached beyond any solace, and she fell to imagining the child was again with her, that he had returned after his journey, and that he played about her as of old.

Jack enjoyed shooting. The sport was too arduous for her, so she contented herself with climbing about the hills in the vicinity, where she studied the flowers and held her ears open for the voices that spoke out of the summer woodland. But gradually the distances began to tempt her. She was curious about the wild region beyond the hills where she never saw anyone wandering. There might be new and wonderful things over there; she resolved one day to explore it.

This was no easy matter. There were no paths that she could find, and progress was very slow through the undergrowth. She made mental record of her course that she might recognize it again; for in this labyrinth of wildwood there was no way of knowing where she would emerge till she actually did so. She struggled up hills and down their other sides, pushing finally out of the bushes to find herself almost in the heart of a valley, down which a wide creek dashed from the mountain.

Exhausted from the struggle, she sank upon a rock in admiring contemplation of the scene. A greater contrast than that between the country through which she had come and the slopes which lay before her could hardly have been imagined. The rugged bank of the stream confronted a

smooth green hill in exhilarant bloom, where breezes with light fingers made music on the harp-strings of the grasses.

A sudden glimpse of white on the summit of the knoll caught her eye. Curious, she crept up a little higher; and there on the hill, playing in the sunlight, she saw a child. He was quite alone, and played without fear in the silent region, piling up the stones into an edifice with his tiny hands, and skipping about in the grass to pick up flowers and bits of sticks which he carefully inserted in his masonry.

How had he wandered so far from home, this beautiful little truant, Marian wondered. She screened herself behind a tree and watched the graceful little figure in its gambols. He chattered to himself as he patted down his walls with a stick, nodding his curly head over his work, and dancing gleefully about over each fresh achievement.

Marian was fascinated. His movements were light as the breezes' own; the grasses seemed hardly bent where he trod; and he was, oh, so happy! so unconscious!

Tiring finally of his building, he ran over to a bush near by, and tugged at it with his tiny might till he had pulled off two of its huge blossoms, then clutching them, one in each chubby hand, he ran down across the edge of the hill. Suddenly he stopped still, staring across the valley at Marian who, in her eagerness, had unconsciously slipped from behind her shelter. She watched him, breathless and wide-eyed. He broke into a sudden sunshine of smiles and nodded brightly across to her, stretching out his little arms and hopping joyfully up and down.

"Joey! Joey!" broke from Marian's lips as she held out coaxing arms to him, "come to mother."

At the sound of the voice the child took fright and clambered quickly up the hill. Marian started to follow, but, during the instant she hesitated before the water, he disappeared in the bushes. She did not attempt to pursue, but sat down stunned upon the bank, struggling to recover her balance. In the delirium of the moment, watching the child—the first she had noticed since her own had gone—she had fancied it bore the face of her baby.

It was doubtless some woodcutter's child who had followed his father into the forest. She arose with a sigh, resolving to ask the first neighbor she met about the little one.



SCREENED HERSELF BEHIND A TREE AND  
WATCHED THE GRACEFUL LITTLE FIGURE



SHE HELD OUT COAXING ARMS TO HIM

She said nothing to her husband about the encounter. It would only remind him of what they were both striving to forget; but all that night she dreamed of the child playing on the hillside, and it was such a happy dream that she woke regretfully, to hear the rain pouring on the roof and a stormwind howling in the distance.

"Oh, that baby!" she broke out anxiously; "what if it's out in this terrible storm!"

Her husband started up out of his sleep. "What baby, dear?" he asked soothingly. "Our baby isn't out in the storm. He's—gone——" She checked him. "It was a baby I saw playing on a hill to-day, Jack, over among the mountains. And, oh! dearest, he looked just like Joey. We must find him again; I want to adopt him. Will you let me?" she pleaded. "He ran off when I called him, and I'm afraid he was lost. I should have followed him," she said, reproaching herself.

"His people were probably somewhere about," her husband reassured her. "He evidently knew what he was doing or he would have come to you. We'll look him up to-morrow if you like, though I doubt if his parents will let you have him. These peasants about here cling to their children pretty tightly."

"I want him, oh, I want him," Marian sobbingly repeated. "He's made me so much happier. I begin to feel already as if I shouldn't grieve as I used to." She fell asleep again, murmuring the name of her little dead son, while her husband beside her lay awake, staring into the darkness.

The next day Marian was full of her plan of finding the little fellow. She and Jack set out over the mountain roads to inquire of the neighbors concerning his whereabouts. They stopped at many places on the way, but could learn nothing about the child; there was none such among these people. At last the father of one household pointed out to them that they would not find the child's parents near by, since no child in the neighborhood could have wandered so far from his home, nor yet had the parents any errands that would carry them over into those mountains. It was among the woodcutters that they must look, as Marian had at first supposed.

They made their way with difficulty to the remote homes of the men who hewed their living out of the forest. Inquiry at several



huts, however, resulted as unsatisfactorily as it had in the valley. They encountered one man who informed them that there was a family living high up at the head of the creek who had such a child as they described. Marian's heart leaped—the child without doubt had wandered down the creek to the spot where she had seen him.

They followed their informant's directions with hopeful hearts, hunted out the obscure little dwelling and waited anxiously for the mother of the home to answer their summons. Marian held her breath as the woman came out of the hut with a ring of fair-haired children clustering about her. They were of all ages and sizes, but the object of Marian's search was not among them.

There was no place left now where they could make inquiries. Jack was wearied and disappointed. He dropped some coins into the hands of the children, and led Marian away. She, however, was strangely hopeful. "We'll find him yet," she confidently assured her husband. "Wait till you see him; you'll not think anything too much trouble." Already a smile had timidly returned to its old home around her mouth, and she chatted brightly with her husband. He wondered that she felt so sure of the happiness she was seeking.

Again they started out, this time to find the hill where Marian had seen the child, and to wait, perchance, for his reappearance.

"But it is so unlikely that he will come back to the same spot," Jack expostulated. "He may even be the child of some traveler who stumbled into this forsaken region."

"He'll be there!" Marian quietly declared, as they slowly picked a passage through the bushes.

"There's no sign that you've ever been this way, either," Jack continued, peering about him searchingly. "There isn't a bush bent nor a stone turned, for that matter. How do you know we won't get lost?" he demanded. Manlike, he objected to using a woman's affections as a compass.

"I didn't," she retorted, undismayed; "I know where we are! There's the creek—don't you hear it?" she exclaimed as the sound of rushing waters reached them. "We'll come out higher up than I did," she announced, straining for a view through the branches. "We can't see the hill so well from here, but we've found it."



"LET'S WATCH HIM!" SHE SAID



Trees hid their view of the summit of the hill when they emerged, so they hurried down the bank of the creek, Marian leading.

"Look!" she whispered, catching hold of Jack's arm, and pointing before them. The child was there, playing on the hillside.

"Let's watch him!" she said, pulling her husband to the ground as part concealment; "he's so pretty in his playing."

The child frisked about like a little squirrel, catching at the butterflies with his wee hands, and hopping in and out among the grasses to gather blossoms which, child-like, he carried roots and heads together.

He had accumulated quite a sheaf of these—a sheaf almost as big as himself—which he dragged along after him, when, turning quickly, he faced his observers. With the still, wide wonder of babyhood he gazed across at them. Then he seemed to recognize Marian, for he smiled and nodded to her as before. He stood quite still, only shifting his burden from one fat little arm to the other, while she sprang through the water toward him.

"Great God!" her husband ejaculated; "why, it *is* Joey." He recovered himself after a moment, and followed Marian. But she had not heard; her eyes were on the child as she waded through the creek, calling sweet, imploring things across to it.

The child never moved, but regarded them fixedly, his little perfect face tipped like an inquisitive flower toward them. But just as Marian reached the other side, he started back and fled into the thicket.

Marian called out to him not to be frightened, and beckoning wildly to her husband she followed him. Jack was no less excited than she. He pushed past her into the densely grown woods, thrusting aside the tangled branches, and hunting around eagerly for some trace of the little wanderer.

"I don't believe we are going the right way." Jack stopped and stared about him in bewilderment. "I can't see any sign of him. He might have gone in any one of a thousand directions in this snarl."

They explored the vicinity of the hillside thoroughly. Marian wandered about, pulling at the stiff projecting branches, trying to find a path. Jack was scratched and torn by his unsuccessful encounter with the weapons of the wood before he

abandoned the search. His eyes met Marian's tear-bright ones in defeat.

"He was such a little chap to be doddering around here alone!" he exclaimed unsteadily.

Marian put her hand in his. "Tomorrow," she murmured encouragingly as they trudged along.

It was after sundown when they came out upon the road that led them homeward. The katydids sang in the twilight, the gloom deepened in the woodland, and anxiety for the little one in the wilderness tore at the hearts of the two weary pilgrims.

A man on horseback appeared around the bend of the road. He was very old, his white beard swung in the breeze and he hummed to himself as he jogged along.

"We might ask him," Jack suggested with a flicker of hope. Marian nodded. But the man stopped even before they hailed him, and awaited their approach, eager, like all countryside elders, to talk with strangers. He listened with grave attention while Jack told him about their search and their desire to find the child.

"You won't find him," the old man declared, shaking his head solemnly. "It was the 'Hill-Child.'"

"What's that?" Jack demanded.

For answer the ancient turned to Marian. "You've lost a baby lately, lady?" he inquired kindly.

Marian choked. "Yes," she replied; "but what has that to do with it?"

"Only that he's never seen except by such as you," he told her. "Why, he's older than I am—centuries older; but he's a child just the same, and he comes only to those who have lost a child. I saw him when my boy died, twenty-five years ago."

Husband and wife stared.

"But he was so like my Joey," Marian tremulously objected.

"Just so," the old man gently agreed. "To each of us he bears the face of our own baby."

"Why is he there, then?" she softly asked.

"That you will find out. None lives with death after the 'Hill-Child' has smiled upon him."

He flicked up his horse and disappeared in the gloom.



## In the Days of the Comet

BY H. G. WELLS

*Illustrated by Henri Lanes*

### BOOK THE SECOND—THE GREEN VAPORS

#### CHAPTER THE THIRD—THE CABINET COUNCIL—(CONTINUED)

**SYNOPSIS:** The previous instalments deal with happenings in England just before the Great Change, when a huge comet is threatening to come in contact with the earth. In addition to hard times and general discontent with existing social conditions, England has gone to war with Germany. The narrator, William Leadford, has become a socialist through the influence of his friend Parload. This move leads to the breaking of Leadford's engagement to Nettie Stuart. The young man still loves the girl, and when she elopes with Edward Verrall, the son of her father's employer, he follows the couple to a resort on the East coast. Here he attempts to kill the lovers with his revolver. But the shots go wild, and just then the earth, coming into the comet's path, is enveloped in a gas which renders every living being unconscious. This state lasts a few hours. Humanity then awakes to a changed world. Men find that they have new aims, new ambitions, new desires.

#### II

**I** REMEMBER as one thing that struck me very forcibly at the time, the absence of any discussion, any difference of opinion, about the broad principles of our present state. These men had lived hitherto in a system of conventions and acquired motives, loyalty to a party, loyalty to various secret agreements and understandings, loyalty to the crown. They had all been capable

of the keenest attention to precedence, all capable of the most complete suppression of subversive doubts and inquiries, all had their religious emotions under perfect control. They had seemed protected by invisible but impenetrable barriers from all the heady and destructive speculations, the socialistic, republican, and communistic theories that one may still trace through the literature of the last days of the comet. But now it was as if, in the very moment of the awakening, those barriers and defenses had vanished, as if the green vapors had washed through their minds and dis-

solved and swept away a hundred once rigid boundaries and obstacles. They had admitted and assimilated at once all that was good in the ill-dressed propagandas that had clamored so vehemently and vainly at the doors of their minds in the former days. It was exactly like the awakening from an absurd and limiting dream. They had come out together naturally and inevitably upon the broad-daylight platform of obvious and reasonable agreement upon which we and all the order of our world now stand.

Let me try to give the chief things that had vanished from their minds. There was, first, the ancient system of "ownership" that made such an extraordinary tangle of our administration of the land upon which we lived. In the old time no one believed in that as either just or ideally convenient, but everyone accepted it. The community which lived upon the land was supposed to have waived its necessary connection with the land, except in certain limited instances of highway and common. All the rest of the land was cut up in the maddest way into patches and oblongs and triangles of various sizes between a hundred square miles and a few acres, and placed under the nearly absolute government of a series of administrators called landowners. They owned the land almost as a man now owns his hat; they bought it and sold it, and cut it up like cheese or ham; they were free to ruin it, or leave it waste, or erect upon it horrible and devastating eyeshores. If the community needed a road or a tramway, if it wanted a town or a village in any position, nay, even if it wanted to go to and fro, it had to do so by exorbitant treaties with each of the monarchs whose territory was involved. No man could find foothold on the face of the earth until he had paid toll and homage to one of them. They had practically no relations and no duties to the nominal, municipal, or national government amidst whose larger areas their own dominions lay.

This sounds, I know, like a lunatic's dream, but mankind was that lunatic. And not only in the old countries of Europe and Asia, where this system had arisen out of the rational délégalation of local control to territorial magnates, who had, in the universal baseness of those times, at last altogether evaded and escaped their duties,

did it obtain, but the "new countries," as we called them then—the United States of America, the Cape Colony, Australia, and New Zealand—spent much of the nineteenth century in the frantic giving away of land forever to any casual person who would take it. Was there coal, was there petroleum or gold, was there rich soil or harborage, or the site for a fine city, these obsessed and witless governments cried out for scramblers, and a stream of shabby, tricky, and violent adventurers set out to found a new section of the landed aristocracy of the world. After a brief century of hope and pride, the great republic of the United States of America, the hope, as it was deemed, of mankind, became, for the most part, a drifting crowd of landless men; landlords and railway lords, food lords (for the land is food) and mineral lords ruled its life, gave it universities as one gave coins to a mendicant, and spent its resources upon such vain, tawdry, and foolish luxuries as the world had never seen before. Here was a thing none of these statesmen before the Change would have regarded as anything but the natural order of the world, which not one of them now regarded as anything but the mad and vanished illusion of a period of dementia.

And as it was with the question of the land, so was it also with a hundred other systems and institutions and complicated and disingenuous factors in the life of man. They spoke of trade, and realized for the first time there could be buying and selling that was no loss to any man. They spoke of industrial organization, and one saw it under captains who sought no base advantages. The haze of old associations, of personal entanglements and habitual recognitions had been dispelled from every stage and process of the social training of men. Things long hidden appeared discovered with an amazing clearness and nakedness. These men who had awakened laughed dissolvent laughs, and the old muddle of schools and colleges, books and traditions, the old fumbling, half-figurative, half-formal teaching of the churches, the complex of weakening and confusing suggestions and hints, amidst which the pride and honor of adolescence doubted and stumbled and fell, became nothing but a curious and pleasantly faded memory. "There must be a common training of the

young," said Richover; "a frank initiation. We have not so much educated them as hidden things from them, and set traps. And it might have been so easy—it can all be done so easily."

That hangs in my memory as the refrain of that council, "It can all be done so easily"; but when they said it then, it came

sode. A truce had already been arranged by Melmount, and these ministers, after some marvelous reminiscences, set aside the matter of peace as a mere question of particular arrangements. The whole scheme of the world's government had become fluid and provisional in their minds in small details as in great.



CERLYON AND ARMEDON, TWIN CITIES OF LOWER ENGLAND, WITH THE WINDING SUMMER CITY OF THE THAMES BETWEEN

to my ears with a quality of enormous refreshment and power. It can all be done so easily, given frankness, given courage. Time was when these platitudes had the freshness and wonder of a gospel.

In this enlarged outlook the war with the Germans—that mythical, heroic, armed female, Germany, had vanished from men's imaginations—was a mere exhausted epi-

"What are the new needs?" said Melmount. "This muddle is too rotten to handle. We're beginning again. Well, let us begin afresh."

### III

"Let us begin afresh!" This piece of obvious common sense seemed then to me

instinct with courage, the noblest of words. My heart went out to him as he spoke. It was, indeed, that day as vague as it was valiant; we did not at all see the forms of what we were thus beginning. All that we saw was the clear inevitableness that the old order should end.

And then, in a little space of time, mankind in halting but effectual brotherhood was moving out to make its world anew. Those early years, those first and second decades of the new epoch, were in their daily detail a time of rejoicing toil; one saw chiefly one's own share in that, and little of the whole. It is only now as I look back at it all from these ripe years, from this high tower, that I see the dramatic sequence of its changes, see the cruel old confusions of the ancient time become clarified, simplified, and dissolve and vanish away. Where is that old world now? Where is London, that somber city of smoke and drifting darkness, full of the deep roar and haunting music of disorder, with its oily, shining, mud-rimmed, barge-crowded river, its black pinnacles and blackened dome, its sad wilderness of smut-grayed houses, its myriads of dragged women, its millions of hurrying clerks? The very leaves upon its trees were foul with greasy, black defilements. Where is lime-white Paris, with its green and disciplined foliage, its hard, unflinching tastefulness, its smartly organized viciousness, and the myriads of workers, noisily shod, streaming over the bridges in the gray cold light of dawn? Where is New York, the high city of clangor and infuriated energy, wind swept and competition swept, its huge buildings jostling one another and straining ever upward for a place in the sky, the fallen pitilessly overshadowed? Where are its lurking corners of heavy and costly luxury, the shameful, bludgeoning, bribing vice of its ill-ruled underways, and all the gaunt, extravagant ugliness of its strenuous life? And where now is Philadelphia, with its innumerable small and isolated homes? and Chicago, with its interminable, blood-stained stock-yards, its polyglot underworld of furious discontent?

All these vast cities have given way and gone, even as my native potteries and the Black Country have gone, and the lives that were caught, crippled, starved, and maimed amidst their labyrinths, their for-

gotten and neglected maladjustments, and their vast, inhuman, ill-conceived industrial machinery, have escaped—to life. Those cities of growth and accident are altogether gone. Never a chimney smokes about our world to-day, and the sound of the weeping of children who toiled and hungered, the dull despair of overburdened women, the noise of brute quarrels in alleys, all shameful pleasures and all the ugly grossness of wealthy pride have gone with them, with the utter change in our lives. As I look back into the past I see a vast exultant dust of house-breaking and removal rise up into the clear air that followed the hour of the green vapors. I live again the Year of Tents, the Year of Scaffolding, and like the triumph of a new theme in a piece of music the great cities of our new days arise. Come Carlyon and Armedon, the twin cities of lower England, with the winding summer city of the Thames between; and I see the gaunt dirt of old Edinburgh die to rise again white and tall beneath the shadow of her ancient hill. And Dublin too, reshaped, returning enriched, fair, spacious, the city of rich laughter and warm hearts, gleaming gayly in a shaft of sunlight through the soft, warm rain. I see the great cities America has planned and made; the Golden City, with ever-ripening fruit along its broad warm ways, and the bell-glad City of a Thousand Spires. I see again, as I have seen, the city of theaters and meeting-places, the City of the Sunlight Bight, and the new city that is still called Utah; and dominated by its observatory dome and the plain and dignified lines of the university façade upon the cliff, Mardenabar, the great, white, winter city of the upland snows.

And the lesser places, too, the townships, the quiet resting places, villages half forest with a brawl of streams down their streets, villages laced with avenues of cedar, villages of garden, of roses and wonderful flowers and the perpetual humming of bees. And through all the world go our children, our sons the old world would have made into servile clerks and shopmen, plow drudges and servants; our daughters who were erst anæmic drudges, prostitutes, sluts, anxiety-racked mothers or ære, repining failures—they go about this world glad and brave, learning, living, doing, happy and rejoicing, brave and free. I think of them wandering in the clear quiet of the ruins of




Rome, among the tombs of Egypt or the temples of Athens, of their coming to Mainington and its strange happiness, to Orba and the wonder of its white and slender tower. But who can tell of the fullness and

pleasure of life, who can number all our new cities in the world?—cities made by the loving hands of men for living men, cities men weep to enter, so fair they are, so gracious and so kind.

### BOOK THE THIRD—THE NEW WORLD

#### CHAPTER THE FIRST—LOVE AFTER THE CHANGE

##### I

O far I have said nothing of Nettie. I have departed widely from my individual story. I have tried to give you the effect of the change in relation to the general framework of human life, its effect of swift, magnificent dawn, of an overpowering letting in and inundation of light and the spirit of living. In my memory all my life before the change has the quality of a dark passage, with the dimmest side gleams of beauty that come and go. The rest is dull pain and darkness. Then suddenly the walls, the bitter confines, are smitten and vanish, and I walk, blinded, perplexed, and yet rejoicing, in this sweet, beautiful world, in its fair incessant variety, its satisfaction, its opportunities, exultant in this glorious gift of life.

And then out of that luminous haze of gladness comes Nettie, transfigured. She comes back, and Verrall is in her company. She comes back into my memory now, just as she came back then, rather quaintly at first—at first not seen very clearly, a little distorted by intervening things, as I saw her through the slightly discolored panes of crinkled glass in the window of the Menton post-office and grocer's shop. It was on the second day after the change, and I had been sending telegrams for Melmound, who was making arrangements for his departure to Downing Street. I saw the two of them at first as small, flawed figures. The glass made them seem curved, and it enhanced and altered their gestures and paces. I felt it became me to say "Peace" to them, and I went out, to the jangling of the doorbell. At the sight of me they stopped short, and Verrall cried with the note of one who has sought, "Here he is!" And Nettie cried, "Willie!"

I went toward them, and all the perspectives of my reconstructed universe altered as I did so.

I seemed to see these two for the first time; how fine they were, how graceful and human. It was as though I had never really looked at them before, and, indeed, always before I had beheld them through a mist of selfish passion. They had shared the universal darkness and dwarfing of the former time; they shared the universal exaltation of the new. Now suddenly Nettie, and the love of Nettie, lived again in me. This change which had enlarged men's hearts had made no end to love. Indeed, it had enormously enlarged and glorified love. She stepped into the center of that dream of world-reconstruction that filled my mind, and took possession of it all.

I took her outstretched hand, and wonder overwhelmed me. "I wanted to kill you," I said simply, trying to grasp that idea. It seemed now like stabbing the stars, or murdering the sunlight.

"Afterwards we looked for you," said Verrall; "and we could not find you. We heard another shot."

I turned my eyes to him, and Nettie's hand fell from me. It was then I thought of how they had fallen together, and what it must have been to have awakened in that dawn with Nettie by one's side. I had a vision of them as I had glimpsed them last amidst the thickening vapors, close together, hand in hand. The green hawks of the Change spread their darkling wings above their last stumbling paces. So they fell. And awoke—lovers together in a morning of Paradise. Who can tell how bright the sunshine was to them, how fair the flowers, how sweet the singing of the birds?

This was the thought of my heart. But my lips were saying, "When I awoke I threw my pistol away." Sheer blankness kept my thoughts silent for a little while; I said empty things. "I am very glad I did



not kill you—that you are here, so fair and well.”

“I am going back to Clayton on the day after to-morrow,” I said, breaking away to explanations. “I have been writing shorthand here for Melmound, but that is almost over now.”

Neither of them said a word, and though all facts had suddenly ceased to matter anything, I went on informatively: “He is to be taken to Downing Street where there is a proper staff, so that there will be no need of me. Of course, you’re a little perplexed at my being with Melmound. You see I met him—by accident—directly I recovered. I found him with a broken ankle—in that lane. I am to go now to the Four Towns to help prepare a report. So that I am glad to see you both again”—I found a catch in my voice—“to say good-by to you, and wish you well.”

I stopped, and we stood for a moment in silence, looking at one another.

It was I, I think, who was discovering most. I was realizing for the first time how little the Change had altered my essential nature. I had forgotten this business of love for a time in a world of wonder. That was all. Nothing was lost from my nature, nothing had gone, only the power of thought and restraint had been wonderfully increased, and new interests had been forced upon me. Nettie’s personal charm for me was only quickened by the enhancement of my perceptions. In her presence, meeting her eyes, instantly my desire, no longer frantic but sane, was awake again.

I relinquished her hand. It was absurd to part in these terms. We settled we would come to the inn at Menton and take our midday meal together.

## II

While I waited for Nettie and Verrall in that agreeable trysting place, I talked to the landlady—a broad-shouldered, smiling, freckled woman—about the morning of the Change. That motherly, abundant, red-haired figure of health was buoyantly sure that everything in the world was now to be changed for the better. That confidence, and something in her voice, made me love her as I talked to her. “Now we’re awake,” she said, “all sorts of things will be put right that hadn’t any sense in them. Why? Oh! I’m sure of it.”

Her kind blue eyes met mine in an infinitude of friendliness. Her lips in her pauses shaped in a pretty, faint smile.

Old tradition was strong in us; all English inns in those days charged the unexpected, and I asked what our lunch was to cost.

“Pay or not,” she said, “and what you like. It’s holiday these days. I suppose we’ll still have paying and charging, however we manage it, but it won’t be the worry it has been—that I feel sure. It’s the part I never had any fancy for. Many a time I peeped through the bushes worrying to think what was just and right to me and mine, and what would send ’em away satisfied. It isn’t the money I care for. There’ll be mighty changes, be sure of that; but here I’ll stay, and make people happy—them that go by on the roads. It’s a pleasant place here when people are merry; it’s only when they’re jealous, or mean, or tired, or eat up beyond any stomach’s digesting, or when they’ve got the drink in ’em that Satan comes into this garden. Many’s the happy face I’ve seen here, and many that come again like friends, but nothing to equal what’s going to be, now things are being set right.”

She smiled, that bounteous woman, with the joy of life and hope. “You shall have an omelette,” she said, “you and your friends; such an omelette—like they’ll have ’em in heaven! I feel there’s cooking in me these days like I’ve never cooked before. I’m rejoiced to have it to do.”

It was just then that Nettie and Verrall appeared under a rustic archway of crimson roses that led out from the inn. Nettie wore white and a sun-hat, and Verrall was a figure of gray. “Here are my friends,” I said; but for all the magic of the Change, something passed athwart the sunlight in my soul like the passing of the shadow of a cloud. “A pretty couple,” said the landlady, as they crossed the velvet green toward us.

They were indeed a pretty couple, but that did not greatly gladden me. No—I winced a little at that.

## III

It is the dawn of the new time, but we bear, all three of us, the marks and liveries of the old. I see myself, a dark, ill-dressed youth, with the bruise Lord Redcar gave



SUDDENLY I LOOKED UP. NETTIE HAD COME BACK

me still blue and yellow beneath my jaw; and young Verrall sits cornerwise to me, better grown, better dressed, fair and quiet, two years my senior indeed, but looking no older than I, because of his light complexion; and opposite me is Nettie, with dark eyes upon my face, graver and more beautiful than I had ever seen her in the former time. Her dress is still that white one she had worn when I came upon her in the park, and still about her dainty neck she wears her string of pearls and that little coin of gold. She is so much the same, she is so changed; a girl then, and now a woman—and all my agony and all the marvel of the Change between! Over the end of the green table about which we sit, a spotless cloth is spread; it bears a pleasant lunch spread out with a simple equipage. Behind me is the liberal sunshine of the green and various garden. I see it all. I sit again there eating awkwardly, and Verrall talks of the Change.

"You can't imagine," he says in his sure, fine accents, "how the Change has destroyed me. I still don't feel awake. Men of my sort are so tremendously *made*; I never suspected it before."

He leans over the table toward me with an evident desire to make himself perfectly understood. "I find myself like some creature that is taken out of its shell—soft and new. I was trained to dress in a certain way, to behave in a certain way, to think in a certain way; I see now it's all wrong and narrow—most of it anyhow—a system of class shibboleths. We were decent to each other in order to be a gang to the rest of the world. Gentlemen indeed! But it's perplexing——"

I can hear his voice saying that now, and see the lift of his eyebrows and his pleasant smile.

He paused. He had wanted to say that, but it was not the thing we had to say.

I leaned forward a little and took hold of my glass very tightly. "You two," I said, "will marry?"

They looked at each other.

Nettie spoke very softly. "I did not mean to marry when I came away," she said.

"I know," I answered. I looked up with a sense of effort and met Verrall's eyes.

He answered me. "I think we two have joined our lives. But the thing that took us was a sort of madness."

I nodded. "All passion," I said, "is

madness." Then I fell into a doubting of those words.

"Why did we do those things?" he said, turning to her suddenly.

Her hands were clasped under her chin, her eyes downcast.

"We *had* to," she said, with her old trick of inadequate expression.

Then she seemed to open out suddenly.

"Willie," she cried with a sudden directness, with her eyes appealing to me, "I didn't mean to treat you badly—indeed I didn't. I kept thinking of you—and of father and mother, all the time. Only it didn't seem to move me. It didn't move me one bit from the way I had chosen."

"Chosen!" I said.

"Something seemed to have hold of me," she admitted. "It's all so unaccountable."

She gave a little gesture of despair.

Verrall's fingers played on the cloth for a space. Then he turned his face to me again.

"Something—everything—said, 'Take her.' It was a raging desire—for her. Everything contributed to that—or counted for nothing. You——"

"Go on," said I.

"When I knew of you——"

I looked at Nettie. "You never told him about me?" I said, feeling, as it were, a sting out of the old time.

Verrall answered for her. "No. But things dropped; I saw you that night, my instincts were all awake. I knew it was you."

"Go on!" I said.

"Everything conspired to make it the finest thing in life. It had an air of generous recklessness. It meant mischief, it might mean failure in that life of politics and affairs, for which I was trained, which it was my honor to follow. That made it all the finer. It meant ruin or misery for Nettie. That made it all the finer. No sane or decent man would have approved of what we did. That made it more splendid than ever. I had all the advantages of position and used them basely. That mattered not at all."

"Yes," I said; "it is true. And the same dark wave that lifted you, swept me on to follow with that revolver—and blubbering with hate. And the word to you, Nettie, what was it? 'Give'? 'Hurl yourself down the steep'?"

Nettie's hands fell upon the table. "I can't tell what it was," she said, speaking

bare-hearted straight to me. "Girls aren't trained as men are to look into their minds. I can't see it yet. All sorts of mean little motives were there—over and above the 'must.' I kept thinking of his clothes." She smiled, a flash of brightness, at Verrall. "I kept thinking of being like a lady and sitting in a hotel—with men like butlers waiting. It's the dreadful truth, Willie. Things as mean as that! Things meaner than that!"

"It wasn't all mean," I said slowly, after a pause.

"No!" They spoke together.

"But a woman chooses more than a man does," Nettie added. "I saw it all in little bright pictures. Do you know—that jacket—there's something— You won't mind my telling you?"

I nodded, "No."

She spoke as if she spoke to my soul, very quietly and very earnestly, seeking to give the truth. "Something cottony in that cloth of yours," she said. "I know there's something horrible in being swung round by things like that, but they did swing me round. In the old time—to have confessed that! And I hated Clayton—and the grime of it. That kitchen! Your mother's dreadful kitchen! And besides, Willie, I was afraid of you. I didn't understand you and I did him. It's different now—but then I knew what he meant. And there was his voice."

"Yes," I said to Verrall, making these discoveries quietly, "yes, Verrall, you have a good voice. Queer I never thought of that before!"

We sat silently for a time before our vivisectioned passions.

"Gods!" I cried, "and there was our poor little top-hamper of intelligence on all these waves of instinct and wordless desire, these foaming things of touch and sight and feeling, like—like a coop of hens washed overboard and clucking amidst the seas."

Verrall laughed approval of the image I had struck out. "A week ago," he said, trying it further, "we were clinging to our chicken coops and going with the heave and pour. That was true enough a week ago. But to-day——"

"To-day," I said, "the wind has fallen. The world-storm is over. And each chicken coop has changed by a miracle to a vessel that makes head against the sea."

## IV

"What are we to do?" asked Verrall.

Nettie drew a deep-crimson carnation from the bowl before us, and began very neatly and deliberately to turn down the sepals of its calyx and remove, one by one, its petals. I remember that went on through all our talk. She put those ragged crimson shreds in a long row and adjusted them and readjusted them. When at last I was alone with these vestiges the pattern was still incomplete.

"Well," said I, "the matter seems fairly simple. You two"—I swallowed it—"love each other."

I paused. They answered me by silence, by a thoughtful silence.

"You belong to each other. I have thought it over and looked at it from many points of view. I happened to want—impossible things. I behaved badly. I had no right to pursue you." I turned to Verrall. "You hold yourself bound to her?"

He nodded assent.

"No social influence, no fading out of all this generous clearness in the air—for that might happen—will change you back?"

He answered me with honest eyes meeting mine, "No, Leadford, no!"

"I did not know you," I said; "I thought of you as something very different from this."

"I was," he interpolated.

"Now," I said, "it is all changed."

Then I halted, for my thread had slipped away from me.

"As for me," I went on, and glanced at Nettie's downcast face, and then sat forward with my eyes upon the flowers between us, "since I am swayed and shall be swayed by an affection for Nettie, since that affection is rich with the seeds of desire, since to see her yours and wholly yours is not to be endured by me—I must turn about and go from you; you must avoid me and I you. We must divide the world like Jacob and Esau. I must direct myself with all the will I have to other things. After all this passion is not life! It is perhaps for brutes and savages, but for men—no! We must part and I must forget. What else is there but that?"

I did not look up, I sat very tense with the red petals printing an indelible memory in my brain, but I felt the assent of Verrall's pose. There were some moments of silence.

Then Nettie spoke. "But——" she said, and ceased.

I waited for a little while. I sighed and leaned back in my chair. "It is perfectly simple," I smiled, "now that we have cool heads."

"But *is* it simple?" asked Nettie, and slashed my discourse out of being.

I looked up and found her with her eyes on Verrall. "You see," she said, "I like Willie. It's hard to say what one feels, but I don't want him to go away like that."

"But then," objected Verrall, "how——"

"No," said Nettie, and swept her half-arranged carnation petals back into a heap of confusion. She began to arrange them very quickly into one long straight line.

"It's so difficult. I've never before in all my life tried to get to the bottom of my mind. For one thing, I've not treated Willie properly. He—he counted on me. I know he did. I was his hope. I was a promised delight, something, something to crown life—better than anything he had ever had. And a secret pride. He lived upon me. I knew—when we two began to meet together, you and I—it was a sort of treachery to him——"

"Treachery!" I said. "You were only feeling your way through all these perplexities."

"You thought it treachery."

"I don't now."

"I did. In a sense I think so still. For you had need of me."

I made a slight protest at this doctrine and fell thinking.

"And even when he was trying to kill us," she said to her lover, "I felt for him down in the bottom of my mind. I can understand all the horrible things, the humiliation—the humiliation he went through."

"Yes," I said, "but I don't see——"

"I don't see. I'm only trying to see. But you know, Willie, you are a part of my life. I have known you longer than I have known Edward. I know you better. Indeed I know you with all my heart. You think all your talk was thrown away upon me, that I never understood that side of you, or your ambitions or anything. I did—more than I thought at the time. Now—now it is all clear to me. What I had to understand in you was something deeper than Edward brought me. I have it now. You are a part of my life, and I don't want

to cut all that off from me now I have comprehended it, and throw it away."

"But you love Verrall."

"Love is such a queer thing! Is there one love? I mean, only one love?" She turned to Verrall. "I know I love you. I can speak out about that now; before this morning I couldn't have done so. It's just as though my mind had got out of a scented prison. But what is it, this love for you? It's a mass of fancies—things about you—ways you look, ways you have. It's the senses—the senses of certain beauties. It's flattery too—things you said, hopes and deceptions for myself. And all that had rolled up together and taken to itself the wild help of those deep emotions that slumbered in my body; it seemed everything. But it wasn't. How can I describe it! It was like having a very bright lamp with a thick shade; everything else in the room was hidden. But you take the shade off and there they are—it is the same light—still there! Only it lights everyone!"

Her voice ceased. For a while no one spoke, and Nettie, with a quick movement, swept the petals into the shape of a pyramid.

Figures of speech always distract me, and it ran through my mind like some puzzling refrain, "It is still the same light."

"No woman believes these things," she asserted abruptly.

"What things?"

"No woman ever has believed them."

"You have to choose a man," said Verrall, apprehending her before I did.

"We're brought up to that. We're told—it's in books, in stories, in the way people look, in the way they behave—one day there will come a man. He will be everything, no one else will be anything. Leave everything else; live in him."

"And a man, too, is taught that of some woman," said Verrall.

"Only men don't believe it; **they** have more obstinate minds. Men have never behaved as though they believed it. One need not be old to know that. By nature they don't believe it. But a woman believes nothing by nature; she goes into a mold hiding her secret thoughts almost from herself."

"She used to," I said.

"You haven't," said Verrall, "anyhow."

"I've come out. It's this comet—and Willie. And because I never really believed in the mold at all—even if I thought I did.



It's stupid to send Willie off—shamed, cast out, never to see him again—when I like him as much as I do. It is cruel, it is wicked and ugly, to prance over him as if he was a defeated enemy, and pretend I'm going to be happy just the same. There's no sense in a rule of life that prescribes that. It's selfish, it's brutish, it's like something that has no sense. I——" There was a sob in her voice. "Willie! I *won't*."

I sat lowering, musing with my eyes upon her quick fingers.

"It is brutish," I said at last, with a careful unemotional deliberation. "Nevertheless—it is in the nature of things. No! You see, after all, we are still half brutes, Nettie. And men, as you say, are more obstinate than women. The comet hasn't altered that; it's only made it clearer. We have come into being through a tumult of blind forces. I come back to what I said just now: we have found our poor reasonable minds, our wills to live well, ourselves, adrift on a wash of instincts, passions, instinctive prejudices, half-animal stupidities. Here we are like people clinging to something—like people awakening upon a raft."

"We come back at last to my question," said Verrall softly. "What are we to do?"

"Part," I said. "You see, Nettie, these bodies of ours are not the bodies of angels. I have read somewhere that in our bodies you can find evidences of the lowliest ancestry; that about our inward ears—I think it is—and about our teeth, there remains still something of the fish; that there are bones that recall little—what is it?—marsupial forbears—and a hundred traces of the ape. Even your beautiful body, Nettie, carries this taint. No, hear me out." I leaned forward earnestly. "Our emotions, our passions, our desires, the substance of them, like the substance of our bodies, is an animal, a competing thing, as well as a desiring thing. You speak to us now, a mind to minds. One can do that when one has had exercise and when one has eaten, when one is not doing anything; but when one turns to live, one turns again to matter."

"Yes," said Nettie, slowly following me, "but you control it."

"Only through a measure of obedience. There is no magic in the business; to conquer matter, we must divide the enemy, and take matter as an ally. Nowadays it is indeed true that by faith a man can remove mountains. He can say to a mountain,

'Be thou removed and be thou cast into the sea'; but he does it because he helps and trusts his brother men, because he has the wit and patience and courage to win over to his side iron, steel, obedience, dynamite, cranes, trucks, the money of other people. To conquer my desire for you, I must not perpetually thwart it by your presence; I must go away so that I may not see you, I must take up other interests, thrust myself into struggles and discussions——"

"And forget?" said Nettie.

"Not forget," I said; "but anyhow—cease to brood upon you."

She hung on that for some moments.

"No," she said, demolished her last pattern and looked up at Verrall as he stirred.

Verrall leaned forward on the table, elbows upon it, and the fingers of his two hands intertwined.

"You know," he said, "I haven't thought much of these things. At school and the university, one doesn't. It was part of the system to prevent it. They'll alter all that no doubt. We seem to be skating about over questions that one came to at last in Greek—with variorum readings—in Plato, but which it never occurred to anyone to translate out of a dead language into living realities." He halted and answered some unspoken question from his own mind with, "No. I think with Leadford, Nettie, that, as he put it, it is in the nature of things for men to be exclusive. Minds are free things and go about the world, but only one man can possess a woman. You must dismiss rivals. We are made for the struggle for existence—we *are* the struggle for existence; the things that live are the struggle for existence incarnate—and that works out that the men struggle for their mates; for each woman one prevails. The others go away."

"Like animals," said Nettie.

"Yes."

"There are many things in life," I said, "but that is the rough universal truth."

"But," said Nettie, "you don't struggle. That has been altered because men have minds."

"You choose," I said.

"If I don't choose to choose?"

"You have chosen."

She gave a little impatient "Oh! Why are women always the slaves of sex? Is this great age of Reason and Light that has come to alter nothing of that? And men too! I think it is all—stupid. I do not be-



lieve this is the right solution of the thing, or anything but the bad habits of the time that was. Instinct! You don't let your instincts rule you in a lot of other things. Here am I between you. Here is Edward. I—love him because he is gay and pleasant, and because—because I *like* him! Here is Willie—a part of me—my first secret, my oldest friend! Why may I not have both? Am I not a mind that you must think of me as nothing but a woman—imagine me always as a thing to struggle for?" She paused; then she made her distressful proposition to me. "Let us three keep together," she said. "Let us not part. To part is hate, Willie. Why should we not anyhow keep friends and meet and talk?" "Talk?" I said. "About this sort of thing?"

I looked across at Verrall and met his eyes, and we studied each other. It was the clean, straight scrutiny of honest antagonism. "No," I decided, "between us nothing of that sort can be."

"Ever?" said Nettie.

"Never," I said, convinced.

I made an effort within myself. "We cannot tamper with the law and custom of these things," I said; "these passions are too close to one's essential self. Better surgery than a lingering disease! From Nettie my love asks all. A man's love is not devotion; it is a demand, a challenge. And besides"—and here I forced my theme—"I have given myself now to a new mistress, and it is I, Nettie, who am unfaithful. Behind you and above you rises the coming City of the World, and I am in that building. Dear heart! you are only happiness—and that—that calls! If it is only that my lifeblood shall christen the foundation stones—I could almost hope that should be my part, Nettie—I will join myself in that." I threw all the conviction I could into these words. "No conflict of passion," I added a little lamely, "must distract me."

There was a pause.

"Then we must part," said Nettie, with the eyes of a woman one strikes in the face.

I nodded assent.

There was a little pause, and then we all stood up. We parted almost sullenly, with no more memorable words, and I was left presently in the arbor alone.

I do not think I watched them go. I only remember myself left there somehow—hor-

ribly empty and alone. I sat down again and fell into a deep, shapeless musing.

## V

Suddenly I looked up. Nettie had come back and stood looking down at me.

"Since we talked I have been thinking," she said. "Edward has let me come to you alone. And I feel perhaps I can talk better to you alone."

I said nothing and that embarrassed her.

"I don't think we ought to part," she said. "No—I don't think we ought to part," she repeated. "One lives in different ways. I wonder if you will understand what I am saying, Willie. It is hard to say what I feel, but I want it said. If we are to part forever I want it said—very plainly. Always before I have had the woman's instinct and the woman's training which makes one hide. But—Edward is not all of me. Think of what I am saying—Edward is not all of me. I wish I could tell you better how I see it. I am not all of myself. You, at any rate, are a part of me and I cannot bear to leave you. And I cannot see why I should leave you. There is a sort of blood link between us, Willie. We grew together. We are in each other's bones. I understand you. Now indeed I understand. In some way I have come to an understanding at a stride. I understand you and your dream. I want to help you. Edward—Edward has no dreams. It is dreadful to me, Willie, to think we two are to part."

"But we have settled that—part we must."

"But *why*?"

"I love you."

"Well—why should I hide it, Willie?—I love you." Our eyes met. She flushed, she went on resolutely: "You are stupid. The whole thing is stupid. I love you both."

I said, "You do not understand what you say."

"You mean that I must go?"

"Yes, yes. Go!"

For a moment we looked at each other, mute, as though deep down in the unfathomable darkness below the surface and present reality of things dumb meanings strove to be. She made to speak and desisted.

"But *must* I go?" she said at last, with quivering lips, and the tears in her eyes were stars. Then she began, "Willie—"

"Go!" I interrupted her. "Yes!"

Then again we were still.

She stood there, a tearful figure of pity, longing for me, pitying me. Something of that wider love that will carry our descendants at last out of all the limits, the hard, clear obligations of our personal life, moved us, like the first breath of a coming wind out of heaven that stirs and passes away. I had an impulse to take her hand and kiss it, and then a trembling came to me, and I knew that if I touched her my strength would all pass from me.

And so, standing at a distance one from the other, we parted, and Nettie went, reluctant and looking back, with the man she had chosen to the lot she had chosen, out of my life—like the sunlight, out of my life.

## VI

I remember all that very distinctly to this day. I could almost vouch for the words I have put into our several mouths. Then comes a blank. I have a dim memory of being back in the house near the Links and the bustle of Melmound's departure, of finding Parker's energy distasteful, and of going away down the road with a strong desire to say good-by to Melmound alone.

Perhaps I was already doubting my decision to part forever from Nettie, for I think I had it in mind to tell him all that had been said and done.

I don't think I had a word with him or anything but a hurried hand-clasp. I am not sure; it has gone out of my mind. But I have a very clear and certain memory of my phase of bleak desolation as I watched his car recede and climb and vanish over Mapleborough Hill, and that I got there my first full and definite intimation that, after all, this great Change and my new wide aims in life were not to mean indiscriminate happiness for me. I had a sense of protest, as against extreme unfairness, as I saw him go. "It is too soon," I said to myself, "to leave me alone."

I felt I had sacrificed too much, that after I had said good-by to the hot immediate life of passion, to Nettie and desire, to physical and personal rivalry, to all that was most intensely myself, it was wrong to leave me alone and sore-hearted, to go on at once with these steely cold duties of the wider life. I felt newborn, and naked, and at a loss.

"Work!" I said with an effort at the heroic, and turned about with a sigh, and was glad that the way I had to go would at least take me to my mother.

But, curiously enough, I remember myself as being fairly cheerful in the town of Birmingham that night, and I recall an active and interested mood. I spent the night in Birmingham because the train service was disarranged, and I could not get on. I went to listen to a band that was playing its brassy old-world music in the public park, and I fell into conversation with a man who said he had been a reporter upon one of the minor local papers. He was full and keen upon all the plans of reconstruction that were now shaping over the lives of humanity, and I know that something of that noble dream came back to me with his words and phrases. We walked up to a place called Bourneville by moonlight, and talked of the new social groupings that must replace the old isolated homes, and how the people would be housed.

This Bourneville was germane to that matter. It had been an attempt on the part of a private firm of manufacturers to improve the housing of their workers. To our ideas to-day it would seem the feeblest of benevolent efforts, but at the time it was extraordinary and famous, and people came long journeys to see its trim cottages with baths sunk under the kitchen floors (of all conceivable places), and other brilliant inventions. No one in that aggressive age seemed to see the danger to liberty that might arise through making working people tenants and debtors of their employer, though an act called the truck act had long ago intervened to prevent minor developments in the same direction. But I and my chance acquaintance that night seemed always to have been aware of that possibility, and we had no doubt in our minds of the public nature of the housing duty.

It was very interesting, but still a little cheerless, and when I lay in bed that night I thought of Nettie and the queer modifications of preference she had made, and among other things, and in a way, I prayed. I prayed that night to a Master Artificer, the unseen captain of all who go about the building of the world, the making of mankind. But before and after I prayed I imagined I was talking and reasoning and meeting again with Nettie. But she never came into the temple of that worshiping with me.

(To be continued.)

# Magazine Shop-Talk

## Careful Consideration of the "Constructive" and "Destructive" Policies of Modern Magazines



It would be idle for the COSMOPOLITAN to affect a languid interest in the direct and indirect attacks made upon its so-called "destructive" policy, its wielding of the "muck-rake," and its sturdy determination to print the things which the solemn shams and respectable scoundrels of the land do not approve. In truth the COSMOPOLITAN takes an interest in these attacks, and particularly in one which spread itself over several pages of a capitalistic magazine and in which even our literary announcements were held up to ridicule. We have been reading with attention the long and harsh criticisms of the trust-owned newspapers and are pleased to note their frequent paragraphic flings.

Not only do we read all these lavish lucubrations, but we keenly enjoy them. They are a source of infinite delight to us. There is only one regret in connection with them, and that is that the periodicals in which they appear do not have a wider circulation. If they were more generally read, it would not be necessary for us to advertise our magazine anywhere.

As a verity, let us state that the kind of people and the kind of journals that are attacking the COSMOPOLITAN are the very kind that we had hoped and shall always hope to antagonize.



A little over a year ago the COSMOPOLITAN was an obscure magazine. When at that time its new managers set to work, they engaged, without thought of expense, the foremost writers in this country and in Europe to provide the best stories and articles they could produce. No magazine in the world has paid out as much money to good writers in the past year as has the COSMOPOLITAN. In order that its articles might be timely, it has done on several occasions what few other magazines have ever done before—had its matter cabled from Europe or telegraphed across the continent.

But while providing the best of fiction and

the most notable verse that has been published during this first year of the new COSMOPOLITAN, this magazine has paid particular attention to the great social unrest in this country—an unrest born of the conditions forced upon the people by aggressive criminal corporations, aided and upheld by an insolent and insidiously working officialism and backed up and encouraged by a universal flunkeyism which stands awed and eager, panting to do the work of its moneyed masters. To this flunkeyism many of the journals of the day belong. They print what pleases the master minds.

The new COSMOPOLITAN has not been in the courtier class of publications. It has been and is a liberty-loving magazine for a liberty-loving people.



During the past year the chief criticism of the COSMOPOLITAN by its contemporaries has been aimed at what was termed its "destructive" policy.

Destructive of what?

Surely not of the ideals of freedom and justice, not of true religion, not of true manhood, not of worthy institutions. It is a fact that there were many engaged in the task of strenuously upholding what the COSMOPOLITAN has decried. But who were those people? Look at them, consider them, appraise them, and then tell us what they are destroying.

They are destroying, or trying to destroy, the great republican ideals—the ideals of the highest minds in all ages, the ideals of Plato, of Antoninus, of Seneca, of Montaigne, of Shelley, of Mazzini, of Carlyle, and of Emerson. Listen to a prediction by Carlyle in regard to our country—a prediction made over half a century ago:

"America's battle is yet to be fought, and we, sorrowful though nothing doubting, will wish her strength for it. New spiritual pythons, many of them; enormous megatheriums as ugly as were ever born of mud loom huge and hideous out of the twilight future of America; and she will have her own agony and her own victory."

Who doubts that those megatheriums are now trailing their devastating way across

our land, planting their ugly feet upon the very threshold of our national Capitol? Who doubts that they are crushing the poor, devouring their children, and mocking the very name of freedom?

And we are called upon by the comfortable folk who uphold the existing state of affairs to be "constructive" and not "destructive"!



We invite careful consideration of the fact that our destructiveness is the best possible preparation for the highest order of construction. We are merely tearing down the old rotten walls that we may build up a solid structure. We, with the others engaged in this work, hope in the future to present something primal, something absolute, something that men may cling to.

The world revolves. The good folk who are antagonizing us to-day will be with us to-morrow. Their fight is but a half-hearted one. They know that that for which they make war is not worth laying down their lives for, nor even their gloves.

One illustration of the modern idea of a "constructive" magazine: A contemporary announced with much type that it scorned the "muck-rakers" and was going in for a "constructive" policy. It led off with a brilliant article in which a great railroad corporation, manifestly one of the allied "interests," was applauded for its clean methods, and its president was upheld as the model head of a model system. The magazine containing this brilliant article had not been on the news-stands five days before the Interstate Commerce Commission received overwhelming testimony that that same model railroad corporation had for years blackmailed large shippers, and had actually refused to provide cars for smaller shippers who would not pay tribute to it, thus virtually driving them out of business!

Comment on such a matter as this is superfluous.



But the strangest argument against the COSMOPOLITAN is that it has adopted its present policy for the sake of increasing its circulation, which our critical contemporaries admit is booming, while in the same breath they declare that a "constructive" policy is the only popular one. It is true that the COSMOPOLITAN's circulation has

vastly increased and that twice as many people are reading it to-day as were reading it a year ago; but this could not have been otherwise, and it seems queer to us that it should be urged as a fault of ours. Our growth in circulation merely goes to show that there are more liberty-loving people in America than there are lovers of slavery. We can perceive but we cannot prevent this, and we do not feel in the least culpable because of the undeniable fact that we have profited by it. Indeed, we would far rather profit by leading people to liberty and to light than by leading them into darkness by the devious paths of the "constructive" policy, which is the Wall Street policy, which is the Standard Oil policy, which is the bribery policy, which is the policy of corrupt officialism, as exemplified by our "House of Dollars," the home of smug official respectability, the hotbed of treason against republican ideals.



Edwin Markham, author of "The Man with the Hoe," has written a wonderfully strong series of articles against child-labor and kindred evils, under the title "The Hoe-Man in the Making." This series, which shows how the Man with the Hoe, the brother to the ox, has sprung into being, will run for several months in the COSMOPOLITAN. It is written in the beautiful poetic prose of our acknowledged foremost man of letters.

Sarah Bernhardt is writing for this magazine an article telling what she thinks of American audiences and particularly of the one which greeted her in the great Greek amphitheater at Berkeley, California. This will appear soon.

Poultney Bigelow has been charged by the President with having written at random about the condition of affairs at the Panama Canal. The President thought Mr. Bigelow was not entitled to pass judgment upon the canal work after a twenty-eight-hour inspection. So the COSMOPOLITAN sent the snap-shot investigator back to Panama to remain there six weeks and then to write about the Canal. What do you suppose this full and careful examination of Panama matters has revealed? Read the next few numbers of the COSMOPOLITAN and find out.

Maxim Gorky is writing for this magazine a series of "Imaginary Conversations" with the Tsar, the Kaiser, and other dignitaries.

He will also write "What Life Means to Me," and will devote a short paper to a consideration of New York as he found it.

Ambrose Bierce will have one of his beautifully satirical "Future Historian" articles in the September number, and there will be an article by Jack London on his proposed trip around the world in a forty-foot boat.



Graft!

What do the *youth* of the land think of it? To get rid of the great evil they must receive ethical training, that they may recognize and combat the insidious temptations of business and official life.

How may the youth be reached?

The COSMOPOLITAN has had an idea and has carried it out. It has sent to the principals of American high schools a list of "graft questions" to be put to the boys. The lists were accompanied by a letter to each principal in which letter were these paragraphs:

The editor of the COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE desires to make a suggestion to you as an educator. It is, briefly, that, as a beginning in this great field of ethical teaching, the enclosed questions should be asked of some of the male pupils of your school or class. It is possible that in the replies to these questions there may be discovered the hidden germs of business and official corruption. In any event, the attention of the pupils will be called to a great moral question.

Please put the questions to one hundred of your brightest boys.

The queries put to the pupils were as follows:

#### GRAFT QUESTIONS

*From the Cosmopolitan Magazine*

What is meant by the word "graft"?

What is meant by the term "official corruption"?

Suppose that A has been entrusted with large sums of money belonging to B, C and D, which sums he loans at interest to X without the knowledge or consent of B, C and D. Is that, in your opinion, an honest act on the part of A?

Is it dishonest?

If dishonest, how should he be punished?

Suppose you were working in an office and handling a large number of postage stamps, putting them on office letters for your employer, do you think it would be right to use any of those stamps on your own private letters without making immediate payment therefor?

Do you think it would be right to borrow the stamps without the knowledge of your employer, with the intention of some day paying for or replacing them?

Suppose you were a high government officer, and a man owning a railroad should come to you and say, "You, Mr. Officer, can secure for me the right to build my line through certain government lands. If you will do that I will give you and your family free passes on my railroad as long as you live and carry all your freight without charge." What would you say to the railroad man?

Suppose that a man who had a contract to sell a thousand carloads of canned beef to the United States army had put a kind of cheap, poisonous preservative in the beef so that it was unfit to eat and made the soldiers ill. Suppose you were employed by the government to find out all about the bad beef, so that the contractor who had provided it might be punished, and suppose that contractor should offer you money for you to make a report to your government so that he would not be found guilty of the fraud, what would you do?

Suppose you were one of twelve jurors to judge of the guilt of an oil merchant who had been disobeying the law, and the oil merchant or some one hired by him should offer you a hundred shares of stock in the company if you would vote as a juror to find him not guilty, what would you do?

What should be done to you if you accepted the stock?

Do you think that a government official or business corporation is less amenable to the law—not so liable to punishment—than is a private citizen?

Should not the rich and the poor be subject to equal punishment for all crimes?

Many thousands of answers were received. They are intensely interesting. A collection of them will appear in a remarkable article to be printed in the September number, under the title "Graft and the Young Idea."



Bruno Lessing begins in this number a new series of tremendously humorous Jewish character-stories.

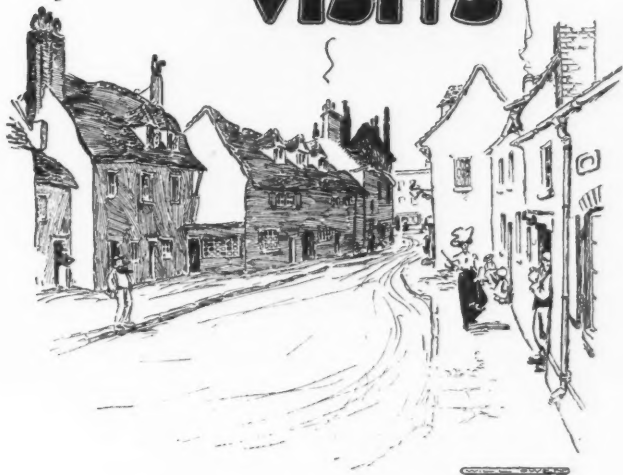
The "Story of Andrew Jackson," the best thing Alfred Henry Lewis ever wrote, will appear from month to month. The boys and girls are particularly interested in this finely written biography of a sturdy hero by a sturdy writer.

More stories by Gilbert Parker, W. W. Jacobs, Jack London, and other writers of force and freedom.

And more of the "destructive" policy—articles by Ernest Crosby, W. J. Ghent, Robert Hunter, and other patriotic writers. And more and more of David Graham Phillips and his epoch-marking "Treason of the Senate."



# ANGELS' VISITS



W.W.JACOBS

*Illustrated by Will Owen*

**M**R. WILLIAM JOBLING leaned against his doorpost, smoking. The evening air, pleasant in its coolness after the heat of the day, caressed his shirt-sleeved arms. Children played noisily in the long, dreary street, and an organ sounded faintly in the distance. To Mr. Jobling, who had just consumed three herrings and a pint and a half of strong tea, the scene was delightful. He blew a little cloud of smoke in the air, and with half-closed eyes, corrected his first impression as to the tune being played round the corner.

"Bill!" cried the voice of Mrs. Jobling, who was washing up in the tiny scullery.

"'Ulo," responded Mr. Jobling gruffly.

"You've been putting your wet teaspoon in the sugar basin and—well, I declare, if you haven't done it again."

"Done what?" inquired her husband, hunching his shoulders.

"Put your herring knife in the butter.

Well, you can eat it now, I won't. A lot of good me slaving from morning to night and buying good food when you go and spoil it like that."

Mr. Jobling removed the pipe from his mouth. "Not so much of it," he commanded; "I like butter with a little flavor to it. As for your slaving all day, you ought to come to the works for a week; you'd know what slaving was then."

Mrs. Jobling permitted herself a thin derisive cackle, but drowned herself hurriedly in a clatter of teacups as her husband turned and looked angrily up the little passage.

"Nag! nag! nag!" said Mr. Jobling.

He paused expectantly.

"Nag! nag! nag! from morning till night," he resumed. "It begins in the morning and it goes on till bedtime."

"It's a pity—" began Mrs. Jobling.

"Hold your tongue," said her husband sternly; "I don't want any of your back answers. It goes on all day long up to bedtime, and last night I laid awake for



two hours listening to you nagging in your sleep."

He paused again.

"Nagging in your sleep," he repeated.

There was no reply.

"Two hours!" he said invitingly, "two whole hours, without a stop."

"I 'ope it done you good," retorted his wife. "I noticed you did wipe one foot when you come in to-night."

Mr. Jobling denied the charge hotly, and, by way of emphasizing his denial, raised his foot and sent the mat flying along the passage. Honor satisfied, he returned to the doorpost and, looking idly out in the street again, exchanged a few desultory remarks with Mr. Joe Brown who, with his hands in his pockets, was balancing himself with great skill on the edge of the curb opposite.

His gaze wandered from Mr. Brown to a young and rather stylishly dressed woman who was approaching. She was a tall, good-looking girl, with a slight limp; her hat encountered unspoken feminine criticism at every step. Their eyes met as she came up and recognition flashed suddenly into both.

"Fancy seeing you here!" said the girl. "Well, this is a pleasant surprise!"

She held out her hand, and Mr. Jobling, with a fierce glance at Mr. Brown, who was not behaving, shook it respectfully.

"I'm so glad to see you again," said the girl. "I knew I didn't thank you half enough the other night, but I was too upset."

"Don't mention it," said Mr. Jobling in a voice, the humility of which was in strong contrast to the expression with which he was regarding the antics of Mr. Brown, as that gentleman wafted kisses to the four winds of heaven.

There was a pause, broken by a short, dry cough from the parlor window. The girl, who was almost touching the sill, started nervously.

"It's only my missus," said Mr. Jobling.

The girl turned and gazed in at the window. Mr. Jobling, with the stem of his pipe, performed a brief ceremony of introduction.

"Good evening," said Mrs. Jobling, in a thin voice; "I don't know who you are, but I s'pose my 'usband does."

"I met him the other night," said the girl, with a bright smile. "I slipped on a

piece of peel or something and fell, and he was passing and helped me up."

Mrs. Jobling coughed again. "First I've heard of it," she remarked.

"I forgot to tell you," said Mr. Jobling carelessly. "I hope you wasn't hurt much, miss?"

"I twisted my ankle a bit, that's all," said the girl; "it's painful when I walk."

"Painful now?" inquired Mr. Jobling, in concern.

The girl nodded. "A little, not very."

Mr. Jobling hesitated. The contortions of Mr. Brown's face as he strove to make a wink carry across the road would have given pause to a bolder man; and twice his wife's husky, little cough had sounded from the window.

"I s'pose you wouldn't like to step inside and rest for five minutes?" he said slowly.

"Oh, thank you," said the girl gratefully; "I should like to. It—it really is very painful."

She limped in after Mr. Jobling and after bowing to Mrs. Jobling sank into the easy-chair with a sigh of relief, and looked keenly round the room. Mr. Jobling disappeared, and his wife flushed darkly as he came back with his coat on and his hair wet from combing. An awkward silence ensued.

"How strong your husband is!" said the girl, clasping her hands impulsively.

"Is he?" said Mrs. Jobling.

"He lifted me up as though I had been a feather," responded the girl. "He put his arm around my waist and had me on my feet before I knew where I was."

"Round your waist?" repeated Mrs. Jobling.

"Where else should I put it?" broke in her husband with sudden violence.

His wife made no reply, but sat gazing in a hostile fashion at the bold, dark eyes and stylish hat of the visitor.

"I should like to be strong," said the latter, smiling agreeably over at Mr. Jobling.

"When I was younger," said the gratified man, "I can assure you I didn't know my own strength, as the saying is. I used to hurt people just in play like, without knowing it—I used to have a hug like a bear."

"Fancy being hugged like that," said the girl; "how awful," she added hastily,



SHE SAW THE GIRL LEAN FORWARD AND PINCH MR. JOBLING'S ARM

as she caught the eye of the speechless Mrs. Jobling.

"Like a bear," repeated Mr. Jobling, highly pleased at the impression he had made. "I'm pretty strong now; there ain't many as I'm afraid of."

He bent his arm and thoughtfully felt his biceps, and Mrs. Jobling almost persuaded herself that she must be dreaming as she saw the girl lean forward and pinch Mr. Jobling's arm. Mr. Jobling was surprised, too, but he had the presence of mind to bend the other arm.

"Enormous!" said the girl, "and as hard as iron. What a prize fighter you'd have made!"

"He don't want to do no prize fighting," said Mrs. Jobling, recovering her speech; "he's a respectable married man."

Mr. Jobling shook his head over lost opportunities. "I'm too old," he remarked.

"He's forty-seven," said his wife.

"Best age for a man in my opinion," said the girl; "just entering his prime. And a man is as old as he feels, you know."

Mr. Jobling nodded acquiescence and

observed that he always felt about twenty-two—a state of affairs which he ascribed to regular habits and a great partiality for the company of young people.

"I was just twenty-two when I married," he mused, "and my missus was just six months——"

"You leave my age alone," interrupted his wife, trembling with passion. "I'm not so fond of telling my age to strangers."

"You told mine," retorted Mr. Jobling, "and nobody asked you to do that. Very free you was in coming out with mine."

"I ain't the only one that's free," breathed the quivering Mrs. Jobling. "I 'ope your ankle is better?" she added, turning to the visitor.

"Much better, thank you," was the reply.

"Got far to go?" queried Mrs. Jobling.

The girl nodded. "But I shall take a tram at the end of the street," she said, rising.

Mr. Jobling rose too, and all that he had ever heard or read about etiquette came crowding into his mind. A weekly journal patronized by his wife had three col-

umns regularly, but he taxed his memory in vain for any instructions concerning brown-eyed strangers with sprained ankles. He felt that the path of duty led to the tram lines. In a somewhat blundering fashion he proffered his services; the girl accepted them as a matter of course.

Mrs. Jobling, with lips tightly compressed, watched them from the door. The girl, limping slightly, walked along with the utmost composure, but the bearing of her escort betokened a mind fully conscious of the scrutiny of the street.

He returned in about half an hour and, having this time to run the gantlet of the street alone, entered with a mien which caused his wife's compliments to remain unspoken. The cough of Mr. Brown, a particularly contagious one, still rang in his ears, and he sat for some time in sullen silence.

"I see her in the tram," he said at last. "Her name's Robinson—Miss Robinson."

"In-deed," said the wife.

"Seems a nice sort o' girl," said Mr. Jobling carelessly. "She's took quite a fancy to you."

"I'm sure I'm much obliged to her," retorted his wife.

"So I—so I asked her to give you a look-in now and then," continued Mr. Jobling, filling his pipe with great care, "and she said she would. It'll cheer you up a bit."

Mrs. Jobling bit her lip and, although she had never felt more fluent in her life, said nothing. Her husband lit his pipe and, after a rapid glance in her direction, took up an old newspaper and began to read.

He astonished Mrs. Jobling next day by the gift of a geranium in full bloom. Surprise impeded her utterance, but she thanked him at last with some warmth and, after a little deliberation, decided to put it in the bedroom.

Mr. Jobling looked like a man who has suddenly discovered a flaw in his calculations. "I was thinking of the front parlor winder," he said at last.

"It'll get more sun upstairs," said his wife.

She took the pot in her arms and disappeared. Her surprise when she came down again and found Mr. Jobling rearranging the furniture and even adding a choice ornament or two from the kitchen, was too elaborate to escape his notice.

"Been going to do it for some time," he remarked.

Mrs. Jobling left the room and strove with herself in the scullery. She came back pale of face and with a gleam in her eye which her husband was too busy to notice.

"It'll never look much till we get a new hearth-rug," she said, shaking her head. "They've got one at Jackson's that would be just the thing; and they've got a couple of tall, pink vases that would brighten up the fireplace wonderful. They're going for next-to-nothing, too."

Mr. Jobling's reply took the form of uncouth and disagreeable gruntings. After that phase had passed, he sat for some time with his hand placed protectingly in his trousers pocket. Finally in a fierce voice he inquired the cost.

Ten minutes later, in a state fairly evenly divided between pleasure and fury, Mrs. Jobling departed with the money. Wild yearnings for courage that would enable her to spend the money differently and confront the dismayed Mr. Jobling in a new hat and jacket possessed her on the way. But they were only yearnings, twenty-five years' experience of her husband's temper being a sufficient safeguard.

Miss Robinson came in the day after, as they were sitting down to tea. Mr. Jobling, who was in his shirt-sleeves, just had time to disappear as the girl passed the window. His wife let her in and, after a few remarks about the weather, sat listening in grim pleasure to the efforts of Mr. Jobling to find his coat. He found it at last, under a chair-cushion, and somewhat red of face entered the room and greeted the visitor.

Conversation was at first rather awkward. The girl's eyes wandered round the room and paused in astonishment on the pink vases. The beauty of the rug also called for notice.

"Yes, they're pretty good," said Mr. Jobling, much gratified by her approval.

"Beautiful," murmured the girl. "What a thing it is to have money," she said wistfully.

"I could do with some," said Mr. Jobling, with jocularly. He helped himself to bread and butter and began to discuss money and how to spend it. His ideas favored retirement, and a nice little place in the country.

"I wonder you don't do it," said the girl softly.

Mr. Jobling laughed. "Gingell & Watson don't pay on those lines," he said. "We do the work and they take the money."

"It's always the way," said the girl indignantly; "they have all the luxuries and the men who make the money for them all the hardships. I seem to know the name, Gingell & Watson; I wonder where I've seen it?"

looked round with an air of pretty defiance. "I'm glad of it," she said.

"Glad?" said Mrs. Jobling, involuntarily breaking a self-imposed vow of silence; "glad?"

The girl nodded. "I like pluck," she said with a glance in the direction of Mr. Jobling, "and besides, whoever took it had as much right to it as Gingell & Watson; they didn't earn it."

Mrs. Jobling, appalled at such ideas,



HE ASTONISHED MRS. JOBLING THE NEXT DAY BY THE GIFT OF A GERANIUM IN FULL BLOOM

"In the paper p'r'aps," said Mr. Jobling.

"Advertising?" asked the girl.

Mr. Jobling shook his head. "Robbery," he replied seriously. "It was in last week's paper. Somebody got to the safe and got away with nine hundred pounds in gold and bank-notes."

"I remember now," said the girl, nodding. "Did they catch them?"

"No, and not likely to," was the reply.

Miss Robinson opened her big eyes and

glanced at her husband to see how he received them. "The man's a thief," she said with great energy, "and he won't enjoy his gains."

"I dare say—I dare say he'll enjoy it right enough," said Mr. Jobling; "if he ain't caught, that is."

"I believe he is the sort of man I should like," declared Miss Robinson obstinately.

"I dare say," said Mrs. Jobling, "and I've no doubt he'd like you. Birds of a—"

"That'll do," said her husband peremp-

torily; "that's enough about it. The guv'nors can afford to lose it; that's one comfort."

He leaned over as the girl asked for more sugar and dropped a spoonful in her cup, expressing surprise that she should like her tea so sweet. Miss Robinson, denying the sweetness, proffered her cup in proof, and Mrs. Jobling sat watching with blazing eyes the antics of her husband as he sipped at it.

"Sweets to the sweet," he said gallantly, as he handed it back.

Miss Robinson pouted, and raising the cup to her lips gazed ardently at him over the rim. Mr. Jobling, who certainly felt not more than twenty-two that evening, stole her cake and received in return a rap from a teaspoon. He retaliated and Mrs. Jobling, unable to eat, sat looking on in helpless fury at little acts of fascination which she had discarded—at Mr. Jobling's request—soon after their marriage.

By dint of considerable self-control, aided by an occasional glance from her husband, she managed to preserve her calm until he returned from seeing the visitor to her tram. Then her pent-up feelings found vent. Quietly scornful at first, she soon waxed hysterical over his age and figure. Tears followed as she bade him remember what a good wife she had been to him, loudly claiming that any other woman would have poisoned him long ago. Speedily finding that tears were of no avail, and that Mr. Jobling seemed to regard them rather as a tribute to his worth than otherwise, she gave way to fury and, in a firm but unpunctuated passage, told him her exact opinion of Miss Robinson.

"It's no good carrying on like that," said Mr. Jobling magisterially. "and, what's more, I won't have it."

"Walking into my house and making eyes at my 'usband," stormed his wife.

"So long as I don't make eyes at her there's no harm done," retorted Mr. Jobling; "I can't help her taking a fancy to me, poor thing."

"I'd 'poor thing' her," said his wife.

"She's to be pitied," said Mr. Jobling sternly; "I know how she feels. She can't help herself, but she'll get over it in time. I don't suppose she thinks for a moment we have noticed her—her—her liking for me, and I'm not going to have her feelings hurt."

"What about my feelings?" demanded his wife.

"You have got me," Mr. Jobling reminded her.

The nine points of the law were Mrs. Jobling's only consolation for the next few days. Neighboring matrons, exchanging sympathy for information, wished, strangely enough, that Mr. Jobling was their husband. Failing that, they offered Mrs. Jobling her choice of at least a hundred plans for bringing him to his senses.

Mr. Jobling, who was a proud man, met with scorn their hostile glances as he passed to and from his work, until a day came when the hostility vanished, and gave place to smiles. Never so many people in the street, he thought, as he returned from work, certainly never so many smiles. People came hurriedly from their back premises to smile at him and, as he reached his door, Mr. Joe Brown opposite had all the appearance of a human sunbeam. Tired of smiling faces he yearned for that of his wife. She came out of the kitchen and met him with a smile of sly content. The perplexed Mr. Jobling eyed her morosely.

"What are you laughing at me for?" he demanded.

"I wasn't laughing at you," said his wife.

She went back into the kitchen and sang blithely as she bustled over the preparations for tea. Her voice was feeble, but there was a triumphant effectiveness about the high notes which perplexed the listener sorely. He seated himself in the new easy-chair—procured to satisfy the supposed æsthetic tastes of Miss Robinson—and stared at the window.

"You seem very happy all of a sudden," he growled as his wife came in with the tray.

"Well, why shouldn't I be?" inquired Mrs. Jobling; "I've got everything to make me so."

Mr. Jobling looked at her in undisguised amazement.

"New easy-chair, new vases, and a new hearth-rug," explained his wife, looking round the room. "Did you order that little table you said you would?"

"Yes," growled Mr. Jobling.

"Pay for it?" inquired his wife, with a trace of anxiety.

"Yes," said Mr. Jobling again.



THEY OFFERED MRS. JOBLING HER CHOICE OF AT LEAST A HUNDRED PLANS FOR BRINGING HIM TO HIS SENSES

Mrs. Jobling's face relaxed. "I shouldn't like to lose it at the last moment," she said. "You 'ave been good to me lately, Bill, buying all these nice things. There's not many women have got such a thoughtful husband as what I have."

"Have you gone dotty or what?" inquired her husband.

"It's no wonder people like you," pursued Mrs. Jobling, ignoring the question and smiling again as she placed three chairs at the table. "I'll wait a minute or two before I soak the tea; I expect Miss Robinson won't be long, and she likes it fresh."

Mr. Jobling, to conceal his amazement and to obtain a little fresh air, walked out of the room and opened the front door.

"Cheer, oh!" said the watchful Mr. Brown, with a benignant smile.

Mr. Jobling scowled at him.

"It's all right," said Mr. Brown. "You go in and set down; I'm watching for her."

He nodded reassuringly and, not having curiosity enough to accept the other's offer to step across the road and see what he would get, shaded his eyes with his hand and looked with exaggerated anxiety up the road. Mr. Jobling, heavy of brow,

returned to the parlor and looked hard at his wife.

"She's late," said Mrs. Jobling, glancing at the clock. "I do hope she's all right, but I should feel anxious about her if she was my gal. It's a dangerous life."

"Dangerous life," said Mr. Jobling roughly. "What's a dangerous life?"

"Why, hers," replied his wife, with a nervous smile. "Joe Brown told me. He followed her 'ome last night and this morning he found out all about her."

The mention of Mr. Brown's name caused Mr. Jobling at first to assume an air of indifference, but curiosity overpowered him.

"What lies has he been telling?" he demanded.

"I don't think it's a lie, Bill," said his wife mildly, "putting two and two——"

"What did he say?" cried Mr. Jobling, raising his voice.

"He said she — she's a lady detective," stammered Mrs. Jobling, putting her handkerchief to her unruly mouth.

"A 'tec!" repeated her husband; "a lady 'tec?"

Mrs. Jobling nodded. "Yes, Bill, she — she — she——"



"Well?" said Mr. Jobling, in exasperation.

"She's being employed by Gingell & Watson," said his wife.

Mr. Jobling sprang to his feet and, with scarlet face and clinched fists, strove to assimilate the information and all its meaning.

"What—what did she come here for? Do you mean to tell me she thinks *I* took the money?" he said huskily, after a long pause.

Mrs. Jobling bent before the storm. "I think she took a fancy to you, Bill," she said timidly.

Mr. Jobling appeared to swallow something; then he took a step nearer to her. "You let me see you laugh again, that's all," he said fiercely. "As for that Jezzy-bill——"

"There she is," said his wife as a knock sounded at the door. "Don't say anything to hurt her feelings, Bill. You said she was to be pitied; and it must be a hard life to 'ave to go round and flatter old married men. I shouldn't like it."

Mr. Jobling, past speech, stood and glared at her. Then with an inarticulate cry he rushed to the front door and flung it open. Miss Robinson, fresh and bright, stood smiling outside. Within easy distance a little group of neighbors were making conversation, while opposite, Mr. Brown awaited events.

"What d' you want?" demanded Mr. Jobling harshly.

Miss Robinson, who had put out her hand, drew it back and gave him a swift glance. His red face and knitted brow told their own story.

"Oh!" she said with a winning smile, "will you please tell Mrs. Jobling that I can't come to tea with her this evening?"

"Isn't there anything else you'd like to say?" inquired Mr. Jobling disdainfully, as she turned away.

The girl paused and appeared to reflect.

"You can say that I am sorry to miss an amusing evening," she said, regarding him steadily. "Good-by."

Mr. Jobling slammed the door.



"WHAT D' YOU WANT?" DEMANDED MR. JOBLING HARSHLY

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